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THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF THE LATE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

CONTAINING,

CATO. A TRAGEDY.

ROSAMOND. AN OPERA.

THE DRUMMER: OR, }
THE HAUNTED HOUSE. } A COMEDY.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED INTO ONE VOLUME.

GLASGOW:

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DRAMATIC WORKS

OF THE

WRIGHT HONORABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.



ROSLIND, A OPERA

THE BRITISH MUSEUM
THE HAZARD HOUSE

Now first collected into One Volume.

OF THE

WRIGHT HONORABLE

C A T O.

A

T R A G E D Y.

Ecce spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, Deus ! ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum mala fortuna compositus ! non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quam ut spectet Catonem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter ruinas publicas erectum.

SEN.

C A T O

T R A C T U S

1

inter ipsos homines ad quod respiciat, inter-
nosque homines, et per Deum, ut for-
tis cum mala homines componat, non videt, in-
quam, quid habet in terra, sapienter peccata, et
conversare animam velit, quam ut possit Cato-
nem, non pariter non semel facit, nihilominus
inter ipsos homines, et per Deum, ut for-

[I v]

V E R S E S

TO THE

A U T H O R

OF THE

TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHILE you the fierce divided BRITONS awe,
And CATO with an equal virtue draw,
While *envy is itself in wonder lost,*
And factions strive who shall applaud you most;
Forgive the fond ambition of a friend,
Who hopes himself, not you, to recommend;
And join th'applause which all the learn'd bestow
On one, to whom a perfect work they owe.
To my *light scenes I once inscrib'd your name,
And impotently strove to borrow fame:
Soon will that die, which adds thy name to mine;
Let me, then, live, join'd to a work of thine.

RICHARD STEELE.

A 3

* TENDER HUSBAND, dedicated to Mr. ADDISON.

THO' CATO shines in Virgil's epic song,
 Prescribing laws among th'Elyſian throng;
 Tho' Lucan's verſe, exalted by his name,
 O'er gods themſelves has rais'd the hero's fame;
 The Roman ſtage did ne'er his image ſee,
 Drawn at full length; a taſk reſerv'd for thee.
 By thee we view the finiſh'd figure riſe,
 And awful march before our raviſh'd eyes;
 We hear his voice, aſſerting virtue's cauſe;
 His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
 Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
 And all the patriot in thy ſcene appears.

On Tiber's banks thy thought was firſt inspir'd;
 'Twas there, to ſome indulgent grove retir'd,
 Rome's antient fortunes rolling in thy mind,
 Thy happy muſe this manly work deſign'd:
 Or in a dream thou ſaw'ſt Rome's genius ſtand,
 And, leading Cato in his ſacred hand,
 Point out th'immortal ſubject of thy lays,
 And aſk this labour, to record his praiſe.

'Tis done—the hero lives, and charms our age!
 While nobler morals grace the Britiſh ſtage.
 Great Shakeſpear's gholt, the ſolemn ſtrain to hear,
 (Methinks I ſee the laurel'd ſhade appear!)
 Will hover o'er the ſcene, and wond'ring view
 His fav'rite Brutus rival'd thus by you.
 Such Roman greatneſs in each action ſhines,
 Such Roman eloquence adorns your lines,

That sure the Sibyls books this year foretold;
And in some mystic leaf was seen inroll'd,

‘Rome, turn thy mournful eyes from Afric’s shore,
‘Nor in her sands thy Cato’s tomb explore!
‘When thrice six hundred times the circling sun
‘His annual race shall thro’ the Zodiac run,
‘An isle remote his monument shall rear,
‘And ev’ry gen’rous Briton pay a tear.

J. HUGHES.

WHAT do we see! is CATO then become
A greater name in Britain than in Rome?

Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
Tho’ Lucan, Horace, Virgil, wrote before?
How will posterity this truth explain?

“CATO begins to live in ANNA’s reign;”

The world’s great chiefs in council or in arms,

Rise in your lines with more exalted charms;

Illustrious deeds in distant nations wrought,

And virtues by departed heroes taught,

Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,

Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame;

To your renown all ages you subdue,

And Caesar fought, and Cato bled for you.

ALL-SOULS-COLLEGE,
OXON.

EDWARD YOUNG.

TIS nobly done thus to enrich the stage,
 And raise the thoughts of a degen'rate age,
 To show, how endless joys from freedom spring;
 How life in bondage is a worthless thing.
 The inborn greatness of your soul we view,
 You tread the paths frequented by the few.
 With so much strength you write, and so much ease,
 Virtue, and sense! how durst you hope to please?
 Yet crowds the sentiments of ev'ry line
 Impartial clap'd, and own'd the work divine.
 Ev'n the sour critics, who malicious came,
 Eager to censure, and resolv'd to blame,
 Finding the hero regularly rise,
 Great, while he lives, but greater when he dies,
 Sullen approv'd, too obstinate to melt,
 And sicken'd with the pleasures which they felt.
 Not so the FAIR their passions secret kept,
 Silent they heard, but as they heard, they wept,
 When gloriously the blooming Marcus dy'd,
 And Cato told the gods, 'I'm satisfy'd.'

See! how your lays the British youth inflame!
 They long to shoot, and ripen into fame;
 Applauding theatres disturb their rest,
 And unborn CATOS heave in ev'ry breast;
 Their nightly dreams, their daily thoughts repeat,
 And pulses high with fancy'd glories beat.
 So, griev'd to view the Marathonian spoils,
 The young Themistocles vow'd equal toils;

Did then his schemes of future honours draw
 From the long triumphs which with tears he saw.
 How shall I your unrivall'd worth proclaim,
 Lost in the spreading circle of your fame!
 We saw you the great William's praise rehearse,
 And paint Britannia's joys in Roman verse.
 We heard, at distance soft, enchanting strains,
 From blooming mountains, and Italian plains.
 Virgil began in English drefs to shine,
 His voice, his looks, his grandeur still divine:
 From him too soon unfriendly you withdrew,
 But brought the tuneful Ovid to our view.
 Then, the delightful theme of ev'ry tongue,
 Th' immortal Marlborough was your daring song;
 From clime to clime the mighty victor flew,
 From clime to clime as swiftly you pursue.
 Still with the hero's glow'd the poet's flame,
 Still with his conquests you enlarg'd your fame.
 With boundless raptures here the Muse could swell,
 And on your Rosamond for ever dwell:
 There op'ning sweets, and ev'ry fragrant flow'r,
 Luxuriant smile, a never fading bow'r.
 Next, human follies kindly to expose,
 You change from numbers, but not sink in prose:
 Whether in visionary scenes you play,
 Refine our tastes, or laugh our crimes away.
 Now, by the buskin'd Muse you shine confess'd,
 The patriot kindles in the poet's breast.

Such energy of sense might pleasure raise,
 Tho' unembellish'd with the charms of phrase:
 Such charms of phrase would with success be crown'd,
 Tho' nonsense flow'd in the melodious sound.
 The chastest virgin needs no blushes fear,
 The learn'd themselves, not uninstructed, hear.
 The libertine, in pleasures us'd to rowl,
 And idly sport with an immortal soul,
 Here comes, and by the virtuous heathen taught,
 Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful thought.

Whene'er you traverse vast Numidia's plains,
 What sluggish Briton in his isle remains?
 When Juba seeks the tiger with delight,
 We beat the thicket, and provoke the fight.
 By the description warm'd, we fondly sweat,
 And in the chilling east-wind pant with heat.
 What eyes behold not, how the stream refines,
 'Till by degrees the floating mirror shines?
 While hurricanes in circling eddies play,
 Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
 We shrink with horror, and confess our fear,
 And all the sudden sounding ruin hear.
 When purple robes, distain'd with blood, deceive,
 And make poor Marcia beautifully grieve,
 When she her secret thoughts no more conceals,
 Forgets the woman, and her flame reveals,
 Well may the prince exult with noble pride,
 Not for his Libyan crown, but Roman bride.

But I in vain on single features dwell,
 While all the parts of the fair piece excell.
 So rich the store, so dubious is the feast,
 We know not, which to pass, or which to taste.
 The shining incidents so justly fall,
 We may the whole, new scenes of transport call.
 Thus jewellers confound our wand'ring eyes,
 And with variety of gems surprise.
 Here Sapphires, here the Sardinian stone is seen,
 The Topaz yellow, and the Jasper green.
 The costly Brilliant there, confus'dly bright,
 From num'rous surfaces darts trembling light.
 The different colours mingling in a blaze,
 Silent we stand, unable where to praise,
 In pleasure sweetly lost ten thousand ways.

TRINITY-COLLEGE,
 CAMBRIDGE.

L. EUSDEN.

TOO long hath love engross'd Britannia's stage,
 And sunk to softness all our tragic rage:
 By that alone did empires fall or rise,
 And fate depended on a fair-one's eyes:
 The sweet infection, mixt with dang'rous art,
 Debas'd our manhood, while it sooth'd the heart.
 You scorn to raise a grief thyself must blame,
 Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame:
 A patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,
 And tears flow nobly, shed for all mankind.

How do our souls with gen'rous pleasure glow!
 Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
 When thy firm hero stands beneath the weight
 Of all his suff'rings venerably great;
 Rome's poor remains still shelt'ring by his side,
 With conscious virtue, and becoming pride.

The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
 His sap exhausted, and his branches bare;
 'Midst storms and earthquakes he maintains his state,
 Fixt deep in earth, and fastened by his weight:
 His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
 And his old trunk projects an awful shade.

Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
 Our patriots sadden at his glorious woes,
 A while they let the world's great business wait,
 Anxious for Rome, and sigh for Cato's fate.
 Here taught how antient heroes rose to fame,
 Our Britons croud, and catch the Roman flame,
 Where states and senates well might lend an ear,
 And kings and priests without a blush appear.
 France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,
 Now first pays homage to her rival's stage,
 Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
 Alike to British arms, and British wit:
 No more she'll wonder, (forc'd to do us right)
 Who think like Romans, could like Romans fight.

Thy Oxford smiles this glorious work to see,
 And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.

The senates, consuls, and the gods of Rome,
 Like old acquaintance at their native home.
 In thee we find each deed, each word express'd,
 And ev'ry thought that swell'd a Roman breast.
 We trace each hint that could thy soul inspire
 With Virgil's judgment, and with Lucan's fire;
 We know thy worth, and give us leave to boast,
 We most admire, because we know thee most.

QUEEN'S-COLLEGE,
 OXON.

THO. TICKELL.

S I R,

WHEN your gen'rous labour first I view'd,
 And CATO's hands in his own blood imbru'd;
 That scene of death so terrible appears,
 My soul could only thank you with her tears.
 Yet with such wond'rous art your skilful hand
 Does all the passions of the soul command,
 That ev'n my grief to praise and wonder turn'd,
 And envy'd the great death which first I mourn'd.

What pen but yours cou'd draw the doubtful strife,
 Of honour struggling with the love of life?
 Describe the patriot obstinately good,
 As hov'ring o'er eternity he stood:
 The wide, th'unbounded ocean lay before
 His piercing sight, and heav'n the distant shore.
 Secure of endless bliss, with fearless eyes,
 He grasps the dagger, and its point defies,
 And rushes out of life to snatch the glorious prize.

How would old Rome rejoice to hear you tell
 How just her patriot liv'd, how great he fell!
 Recount his wond'rous probity and truth,
 And form new Jupas in the British youth.
 Their gen'rous souls, when he resigns his breath,
 Are pleas'd with ruin; and in love with death;
 And when her conqu'ring sword Britannia draws,
 Resolve to perish, or defend her cause.
 Now first on Albion's theatre we see,
 A perfect image of what man should be;
 The glorious character is now express'd,
 Of virtue dwelling in a human breast.
 Drawn at full length by your immortal lines,
 In CATO's soul, as in her heav'n, she shines.

ALL-SOULS-COLLEGE,
 OXON.

DIGBY COTES.

LEFT WITH THE PRINTER,

BY AN

UNKNOWN HAND.

NOW we may speak, since CATO speaks no more;
 'Tis praise at length, 'twas rapture all before;
 When croud'd theatres with Ios rung
 Sent to the skies, from whence thy genius sprung:

Ev'n civil rage a while in thine was lost;
 And factions strove but to applaud thee most;
 Nor could enjoyment pall our longing taste;
 But every night was dearer than the last.

As when old Rome, in a malignant hour
 Depriv'd of some returning conqueror,
 Her debt of triumph to the dead discharg'd,
 For fame, for treasure, and her bounds enlarg'd:
 And while his godlike figure mov'd along,
 Alternate passions fir'd th'adoring throng; (tongue.
 Tears flow'd from ev'ry eye, and shouts from ev'ry
 So in thy pompous lines has Cato far'd,
 Grac'd with an ample tho' a late reward:
 A greater victor we in him revere;
 A nobler triumph crowns his image here.

With wonder, as with pleasure, we survey
 A theme so scanty wrought into a play;
 So vast a pile on such foundations plac'd;
 Like Ammon's temple rear'd on Libya's waste:
 Behold its glowing paint! its easy weight!
 Its nice proportions! and stupendous height!
 How chaste the conduct! how divine the rage!
 A Roman worthy on a Grecian stage!

But where shall Cato's praise begin or end;
 Inclined to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
 The firmest patriot, and the gentlest friend?
 How great his genius, when the traitor croud
 Ready to strike the blow their fury vow'd;

Quell'd by his look, and list'ning to his lore,
 Learn like his passions to rebel no more!
 When, lavish of his boiling blood, to prove
 The cure of slavish life, and slighted love,
 Brave Marcus now in early death appears,
 While Cato counts his wounds, and not his years:
 Who, checking private grief, the public mourns,
 Commands the pity he so greatly scorns.
 But when he strikes (to crown his generous part)
 That honest, staunch, impracticable heart;
 No tears, no sobs pursue his parting breath;
 The dying Roman shames the pomp of death!
 O sacred freedom! which the powers bestow
 To season blessings, and to soften woe;
 Plant of our growth, and aim of all our cares,
 The toil of ages, and the crown of wars:
 If, taught by thee, the poet's wit has flow'd
 In strains as precious as his hero's blood;
 Preserve those strains, an everlasting charm
 To keep that blood, and thy remembrance warm:
 Be this thy guardian image still secure,
 In vain shall force invade, or fraud allure;
 Our great Palladium shall perform its part,
 Fix'd and enshrin'd in every British heart.

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd;
And the true poet is a public good.

This Britain feels, while by your lines inspir'd,
Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
Inflam'd her senate, and upheld her laws;
Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
And giv'n the just success to Cato's sword:
O'er Caesar's arms your genius had prevail'd;
And the muse triumph'd, where the patriot fail'd.

AMB. PHILIPS.

B

P R O L O G U E.

By Mr. POPE. Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the tragic-muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breast with antient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What PLATO thought, and god-like CATO was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure heav'n itself surveys;
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state!

While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Caesar 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state,
As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd—tears gush'd from ev'ry eye,
The world's great victor past unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Caesar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend: Be worth like this approv'd,
And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd:
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As CATO's self had not disdain'd to hear.

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

CATO. Mr. Booth.

LUCIUS, a senator. Mr. Keen.

SEMPRONIUS, a senator. Mr. Mills.

JUBA, prince of Numidia. Mr. Wilks.

SYPHAX, general of the Numidians. Mr. Cibber.

PORTIUS,	} Sons of CATO.	{ Mr. Powell.
MARCUS,		

DECIUS, ambassador from Caesar. Mr. Bowman.

Mutineers, guards, etc.

W O M E N.

MARCIA, daughter to CATO. Mrs. Oldfield.

LUCIA, daughter to LUCIUS. Mrs. Porter.

SCENE, A large hall in the governor's palace of Utica.

C A T O.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PORTIUS, MARCUS.

PORTIUS.

THE dawn is over-cast, the morning low'rs,
 And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
 The great, th' important day, big with the fate
 Of Cato and of Rome—our father's death
 Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
 And close the scene of blood. Already Caesar
 Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
 Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
 Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
 To form new battles, and support his crimes.
 Ye gods, what havoc does ambition make
 Among your works!

MARC. Thy steady temper, Portius,
 Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Caesar,
 In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
 I'm tortur'd, even to madness, when I think

On the proud victor: ev'ry time he's named,
Pharfalia rises to my view!—I see
Th'insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field [ter,
Strow'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter
His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood!
Oh, Portius! is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man,
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

POR. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envy'd:
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!
His suff'rings shine, and spread a glory round him.
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'r fell but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

MARC. Who knows not this? but what can Cato do
Against a world, a base degen'rate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Caesar?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.

By heav'ns! such virtues, join'd with such success,
Distract my very soul: our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

POR. Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of heav'n are dark and intricate;
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors:
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

MARC. These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
Oh, Portius! didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou cou'dst not talk thus coldly.
Passion unpy'd, and unsuccessful love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind!

POR. Thou see'st not that thy brother is thy rival:
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [Aside.

Now, Marcus, now, thy virtue's on the proof;
Put forth thy utmost strength, work ev'ry nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul:
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

MARC. Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,

Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
 To follow glory, and confess his father.
 Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
 In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness;
 'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
 Warms ev'ry vein, and beats in ev'ry pulse,
 I feel it here: my resolution melts—

POR. Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince!
 With how much care he forms himself to glory,
 And breaks the fierceness of his native temper,
 To copy out our father's bright example.
 He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her,
 His eyes, his looks, his actions all betray it:
 But still the smoother'd fondness burns within him.
 When most it swells, and labours for a vent,
 The sense of honour and desire of fame
 Drive the big passion back into his heart.
 What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir,
 Reproach great Cato's son, and show the world
 A virtue wanting in a Roman soul? [behind'em.

MARC. Portius, no more! your words leave stings
 When-e'er did Juba, or did Portius shew
 A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
 And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?

POR. Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well;
 Fling but th'appearance of dishonour on it.
 It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

MARC. A brother's suff'rings claim a brother's pity.

POR. Heav'n knows I pity thee: behold my eyes
Ev'n whilst I speak—do they not swim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

MARC. Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow?

POR. O Marcus, did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it. [friends!]

MARC. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of
Pardon a weak distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions:—but Sempronius comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

SEMPRONIUS, PORTIUS.

SEMP. Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart. [Aside.

Good-morrow, Portius! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are free.
To-morrow shou'd we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms:
This sun perhaps, this morning sun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

POR. My father has this morning call'd together
 To this poor hall his little Roman senate,
 (The leavings of Pharfalia) to consult
 If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
 That bears down Rome, and all her gods before it,
 Or must at length give up the world to Caesar.

SEMP. Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
 Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.
 His virtues render our assembly awful,
 They strike with something like religious fear,
 And make ev'n Caesar tremble at the head
 Of armies flush'd with conquest. O my Portius!
 Could I but call that wond'rous man my father,
 Wou'd but thy sister Marcia be propitious
 To thy friend's vows, I might be blest indeed!

POR. Alas! Sempronius, wou'dst thou talk of love
 To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger?
 Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling vestal,
 When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

SEMP. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
 The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my
 The world has all its eyes on Cato's son. [Portius,
 Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
 And shews thee in the fairest point of light,
 To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conspicuous.

POR. Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring
 On this important hour—I'll straight away, [here
 And while the fathers of the senate meet,

A TRAGEDY.

27

In close debate to weigh th'events of war,
I'll animate the soldiers drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life;
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.

[Exit.

SEMPRONIUS solus.

Curse on the stripling! how he apes his fire!
Ambitiously sententious!—but I wonder
Old Syphax comes not: his Numidian genius
Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
And ev'ry moment quick'ned to the course.
—Cato has us'd me ill: he has refused
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms and ruin'd cause
Are bars to my ambition. Caesar's favour,
That show'rs down greatness on his friends, will raise
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato, [me
I claim in my reward his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes!—

SCENE III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPH. —Sempronius, all is ready,
I've founded my Numidians, man by man,

And find 'em ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.

SEMP. Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste,
Ev'n whilst we speak our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us ev'ry moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Caesar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war: in vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march,
The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him, [way,
Through winds and waves, and storms, he works his
Impatient for the battle: one day more
Will set the victor thund'ring at our gates.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That still would recommend thee more to Caesar,
And challenge better terms.

SYPH. Alas! he's lost.
He's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues—but I'll try once more
(For ev'ry instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck th'infection into all his soul.

SEMP. Be sure to press upon him ev'ry motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,

Would give up Afric into Caesar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

SYPH. But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious!
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

SEMP. Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion, ('tis the surest way;)
I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Caesar 'till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: wou'dst thou be thought in earnest?
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

SYPH. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey-hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit!

SEMP. Once more, be sure to try thy skill on Juba.
Mean-while I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, 'till they break out
Unlook'd-for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste:
O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on ev'ry word we speak,
On ev'ry thought, till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. [Exit.

SYPHAX solus.

I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason
 This head-strong youth, and make him spurn at Catō.
 The time is short, Caesar comes rushing on us—
 But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

S C E N E IV.

JUBA, SYPHAX.

JUB. Syphax! I joy to meet thee thus alone.
 I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
 O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent;
 Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
 What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
 And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

SYPH. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
 Or carry smiles and sun-shine in my face,
 When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
 I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

JUB. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous terms
 Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world?
 Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
 And own the force of their superior virtue?
 Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
 Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
 That does not tremble at the Roman name?

SYPH. Gods! where's the worth that sets this people
Above your own Numidia's tawny sons! [up
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th'embattled elephant,
Loaden with war? these, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

JUB. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts;
Th'embellishments of life: virtues, like these,
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

SYPH. Patience, kind heav'ns!—excuse an old man's
What are these wondrous civilizing arts, [warmth.
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,

And break off all its commerce with the tongue;
In short, to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

JUB. To strike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to Cato!
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat,
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

SYPH. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running streams he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at th'approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock 'till morn:
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

JUB. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,

Nor

Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
 But grant that others could with equal glory
 Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense;
 Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
 Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
 Heav'ns, with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
 He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
 How does he rise against a load of woes,
 And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!

SYPH. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of
 I think the Romans call it Stoicism. [soul:
 Had not your royal father thought so highly
 Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
 He had not fall'n by a slave's hand, inglorious:
 Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
 On Afric's sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
 To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

JUB. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
 My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

SYPH. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

JUB. What wou'dst thou have me do?

SYPH. Abandon Cato.

JUB. Syphax, I shou'd be more than twice an orphan
 By such a loss.

SYPH. Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
 You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
 Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.

C

No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

JUB. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

SYPH. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
At once to torture, and to please my soul.
The good old king at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim-full of tears) then sighing cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my son!—his grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

JUB. Alas, thy story melts away my soul.
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him!

SYPH. By laying up his counsels in your heart.

JUB. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer-sea.
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

SYPH. Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your safety.

JUB. I do believe thou wou'dst: but tell me how?

SYPH. Fly from the fate that follows Caesar's foes.

JUB. My father scorn'd to do it.

SYPH. And therefore dy'd.

JUB. Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

SYPH. Rather say your love.

JUB. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper,
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame,
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

SYPH. Believe me, prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force:

Absence might cure it, or a second mistress

Light up another flame, and put out this.

The glowing dames of Zama's royal court

Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;

The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,

Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:

Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget

The pale, unripen'd beauties of the North.

JUB. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire.

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,

Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex:

True, she is fair, oh, how divinely fair!

But still the lovely maid improves her charms,

With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,

And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul

Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Softens the rigour of her father's virtues.

SYPH. How does your tongue grow wanton in her
But on my knees I beg you would consider— [praise !

JUB. Hah ! —Syphax, is't not she ! —she moves this
And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter. [way :
My heart beats thick—I pr'ythee, Syphax, leave me.

SYPH. Ten thousand curses fasten on them both !
Now will this woman with a single glance
Undo what I've been lab'ring all this while. [Exit.

SCENE V.

JUBA, MARCIA, LUCIA.

JUB. Hail, charming maid ! how does thy beauty
The face of war, and make ev'n horror smile ! [smooth
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows :
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget the approach of Caesar. [presence

MAR. I should be griev'd, young prince, to think my
Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd them to arms,
While warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

JUB. O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle !
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,

Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

MAR. My prayers and wishes always shall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

JUB. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting one by one into my life
His bright perfections, 'till I shine like him.

MAR. My father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

JUB. Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand ranged in its just array,
And dreadful pomp: then will I think on thee!
O lovely maid, then will I think on thee!
And in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man, who hopes
For Marcia's love. [Exit,

S C E N E VI.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUC. Marcia, you're too severe,
How could you chide the young good-natur'd prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air,
A prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

MAR. 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul, [me.
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

LUC. Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

MAR. How, Lucia, wou'dst thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When ev'ry moment Cato's life's at stake?
Caesar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head:
Shou'd not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?

LUC. Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me even below mine own weak sex:
Pity, and love, by turns, oppresses my heart.

MAR. Lucia, disburden all thy cares on me,
And let me share the most retired distress;

Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee?

LUC. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

MAR. They both behold thee with their sister's eyes;
And often have reveal'd their passion to me.

But tell me, whose address thou favour'st most?

I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

LUC. Which is it Marcia wishes for?

MAR. For neither——

And yet for both—the youths have equal share

In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister:

But tell me, which of them is Lucia's choice?

LUC. Marcia, they both are high in my esteem,
But in my love—why wilt thou make me name him?

Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what——

MAR. O Lucia, I'm perplex'd, O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother?

LUC. Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my
—O Portius, thou hast stoln away my soul! [choice?

With what a graceful tenderness he loves!

And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!

Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness

Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts,

Marcus is over warm, his fond complaints

Have so much earnestness and passion in them,

I hear him with a secret kind of horror,

And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

MAR. Alas poor youth! how canst thou throw
him from thee?

LUCIA, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee;
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He sends out all his soul in ev'ry word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported,
Unhappy youth! how will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence.

LUC. You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius.

MAR. Heav'n forbid!
Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion wou'd have fall'n on him.

LUC. Was ever virgin love distress'd like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor show which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects, that it would have on Marcus.

MAR. He knows too well how easily he's fired,
And wou'd not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.

LUC. Alas, too late I find myself involved
In endless griefs and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And sow dissention in the hearts of brothers,

Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.

MAR. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods permit th'event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow white, and smile with happier hours.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines;
'Till by degrees the floating mirrour shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

THE SENATE.

SEMPRONIUS.

ROME still survives in this assembled senate!

Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

LUC. Cato will soon be here, and open to us
Th'occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!

[A sound of trumpets.

May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter CATO.

CATO. Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Caesar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves:
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharfalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Caesar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us ev'n Libya's sultry desarts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they still fix'd

To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
By time and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

SEMP. My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to chuse, slav'ry or death?
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him,
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage,
Rise, Fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate! the corps of half her senate
Manure the fields of Theffaly, while we
Sit here, deliberating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—to battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us!

CAT. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides,

All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
 Are not the lives of those, who draw the sword
 In Rome's defence, intrusted to our care?
 Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
 Might not th' impartial world with reason say
 We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
 To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
 Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

LUC. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on
 Already have our quarrels fill'd the world [peace.
 With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
 Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
 Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
 'Tis time to sheathe the sword, and spare mankind.
 It is not Caesar, but the gods, my fathers,
 The gods declare against us, and repell
 Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
 (Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
 Were to refuse th'awards of providence,
 And not to rest in heaven's determination.
 Already have we shown our love to Rome,
 Now let us show submission to the gods.
 We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
 But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
 Arms have no further use; our country's cause,
 That drew our swords, now wrests them from our
 And bids us not delight in Roman blood, [hands,
 Unprofitably shed; what men could do

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Is done already: heav'n and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

SEMP. This smooth discourse and mild behaviour oft
Conceal a traitor—something whispers me
All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius.

[Aside to Cato.

CAT. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident:
Immoderate valour swells into a fault,
And fear, admitted into public counsels,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs [us:
Are grown thus desperate. We have bulwarks round
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heats, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
But wait at least till Caesar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
And let me perish, but, in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter MARCUS.

MARC. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gates,
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arriv'd
From Caesar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

CAT. By your permission, fathers, bid him enter.

[Exit Marcus.]

Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Caesar;
His message may determine our resolves.

SCENE II.

DECIVS, CATO, etc.

DEC. Caesar sends health to Cato.

CAT. Could he send it

To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?

DEC. My business is with Cato: Caesar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

CAT. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome:
Would he save Cato? bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has pow'r to offer.

DEC. Rome and her senators submit to Caesar.
Her generals and her consuls are no more,

Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Caesar's friend?

CAT. Those very reasons thou hast urg'd forbid it.

DEC. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Caesar.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

CAT. No more!

I must not think of life on such conditions.

DEC. Caesar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship;
And name your terms.

CAT. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate;
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

DEC. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

CAT. Nay more, tho' Cato's voice was ne'er em-
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes, [ploy'd
Myself will mount the Rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

DEC. A style, like this, becomes a conqueror,

CAT. Decius, a stye, like this, becomes a Roman.

DEC. What is a Roman, that is Caesar's foe?

CAT. Greater than Caesar: he's a friend to virtue.

DEC. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

CAT. Let him consider that, who drives us hither:
'Tis Caesar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him:
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods! I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Caesar.

DEC. Does Cato send this answer back to Caesar,
For all his generous cares, and proffer'd friendship?

CAT. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Caesar show the greatness of his soul?
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r.
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

DEC.

A T R A G E D Y.

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DEC. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you for-
You are a man. You rush on your destruction. [get
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears. [Exit Decius.

S C E N E III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO, etc.

SEMP. Cato, we thank thee.

The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice, thy soul breathes liberty:
Caesar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

LUC. The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

SEMP. Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?

'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air,
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;

'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
O could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Caesar's bosom, and revenge my country!
By heavens! I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony.

LUC. Others perhaps

D

May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

SEMP. This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.

CAT. Come! no more, Sempronius,
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side,
By our divisions.

SEMP. Cato, my resentments
Are sacrific'd to Rome—I stand reprov'd.

CAT. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

LUC. Cato, we all go in to your opinion.
Caesar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate
We ought to hold it out 'till terms arrive.

SEMP. We ought to hold it out 'till death; but, Cato,
My private voice is drown'd amid the senate's.

CAT. Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can croud into it;
That heav'n may say, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.

A TRAGEDY.

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SCENE IV.

CATO, JUBA.

CAT. Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
'Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Caesar.

JUB. The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.

My father, when some days before his death
He order'd me to march for Utica,
(Alas, I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, prest me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, my son, said he,
Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
Be Cato's friend, he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

CAT. Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But heaven thought otherwise.

JUB. My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude, that shines
Before my face, in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

CAT. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

JUB. My father drew respect from foreign climes:

The kings of Afric sought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun:
Oft have their black ambassadors appeared,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

CAT. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

JUB. I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
Th'assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

CAT. And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Caesar?
Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in Afric!

JUB. Cato, perhaps,
I'm too officious, but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

CAT. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.

But know, young prince, that value soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On heaven's first favourites, and the best of men:
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues, which shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

JUB. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st! I pant for
And all my soul endeavours at perfection. [virtue!

CAT. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all! learn them from Cato:
Success and fortune must thou learn from Caesar.

JUB. The best good fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole success, at which my heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.

CAT. What does Juba say?
Thy words confound me.

JUB. I would fain retract them,
Give them me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

CAT. Tell me thy wish, young prince; make not
A stranger to thy thoughts. [my ear

JUB. Oh! they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

CAT. What can Juba ask
That Cato will refuse!

JUB. I fear to name it.
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.

CAT. What would'st thou say?

JUB. Cato, thou hast a daughter.

CAT. Adieu, young prince: I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem: remember
The hand of fate is over us, and heav'n
Exact's severity from all our thoughts:
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death.

S C E N E V.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

SYPH. How's this, my prince! what, cover'd with
You look as if yon stern philosopher [confusion?
Had just now chid you.

JUB. Syphax, I'm undone!

SYPH. I know it well.

JUB. Cato thinks meanly of me.

SYPH. And so will all mankind.

JUB. I've opened to him
The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.

SYPH. Cato's a proper person to intrust
A love tale with!

JUB. Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart! was ever wretch like Juba?

SYPH. Alas, my prince, how are you chang'd of late!
I've known young Juba rise, before the sun,

To beat the thicker where the tyger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When first you rous'd him to the chace! I've seen you,
Even in the Libyan dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your horse
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

JUB. Pr'ythee, no more!

SYPH. How would the old king smile
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!

JUB. Syphax, this old man's talk (tho' honey flow'd
In every word) would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever!

SYPH. Young prince, I yet could give you good
Marcia might still be yours. [advice.

JUB. What say'st thou, Syphax?
By heav'ns! thou turn'st me all into attention.

SYPH. Marcia might still be yours.

JUB. As how, dear Syphax?

SYPH. Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds, unus'd to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and swifter than the winds:
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.

JUB. Can such dishonest thoughts

Rise up in man! would'st thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy my honour?

SYPH. Gods, I could tear my beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienc'd men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

JUB. Would'st thou degradethy prince into a ruffian?

SYPH. The boasted ancestors of these great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heav'n, was founded on a rape.
Your Scipio's, Caesar's, Pompey's, and your Cato's,
(These gods on earth) are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

JUB. Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles. [world;

SYPH. Indeed, my prince, you want to know the
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throws and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, th'extravagance of virtue.

JUB. If knowlege of the world makes man perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!

SYPH. Go, go, you're young.

JUB. Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.

SYPH. I have gone too far.

[Aside.

JUB. Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

SYPH. I must appease this storm, or perish in it.

[Aside.

Young prince, behold these locks that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

JUB. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

SYPH. Must one rash word, th'infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?

This the reward of a whole life of service!

—Curse on the boy! how steddily he hears me!

[Aside.

JUB. Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose head it shall inclose,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?

SYPH. Why will you rive my heart with such ex-
Does not old Syphax follow you to war? [pressions?
What are his aims? why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a cask
His wrinkled brows? what is it he aspires to?
Is it not this, to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence?

JUB. Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

SYPH. Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to
My royal master's son, is call'd in question? [Juba,
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

JUB. Thou know'st the way too well into my heart,
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

SYPH. What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an action, which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.

JUB. Was this thy motive! I have been too hasty.

SYPH. And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor.

JUB. Sure thou mistak'st; I did not call thee so.

SYPH. You did indeed, my prince, you call'd me traitor.
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato. [tor:
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?
That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour in your service.

JUB. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me, but indeed
Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her actions, where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

SYPH. By heavens!
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me!
Alas! I've hitherto been us'd to think
A blind officious zeal to serve my king
The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subject's heart.
Happy the people, who preserve their honour,
By the same duties that oblige their prince!

JUB. Syphax, thou now begin'st to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.

Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

SYPH. Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy. [weep
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

JUB. Syphax, thy hand! we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age:
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
If e'er the scepter comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

SYPH. Why will you overwhelm my age with kind-
My joy grows burdensome, I shan't support it. [nests?

JUB. Syphax, farewell: I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.

SYPHAX solus.

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts:
Old age is slow in both—A false old traitor!
Those words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:—
Caesar, I'm wholly thine—

S C E N E VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPH. All hail, Sempronius!

Well, Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege, before it yields.

SEMP. Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:
Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd
To Cato by a messenger from Caesar.
Should they submit, ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in a general undistinguish'd ruin.

SYPH. But how stands Cato?

SEMP. Thou hast seen mount Atlas:
While storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height.
Such is that haughty man; his tow'ring soul,
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Caesar.

SYPH. But what's this messenger?

SEMP. I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is Juba fix'd?

SYPH. Yes,—but it is to Cato.
I've try'd the force of every reason on him,

Sooth'd and carefs'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Laid safety, life, and interest in his sight;
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.

SEMP. Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.

SYPHAX, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine. [her !

SYPH. May she be thine as fast as thou would'st have

SEMP. Sypfax, I love that woman; tho' I curse
Her and myself, yet spite of me, I love her.

SYPH. Make Cato sure, and give up Utica.
Caesar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

SEMP. All, all is ready.
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers.
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medly of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.

SYPH. Mean while I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction

Pours in upon him, thus from every side.
So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind dies.

ACT III. SCENE I.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

MARCUS.

THANKS to my stars, I have not rang'd about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit;
Till, what was instinct grew up into friendship.

POR. Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

MAR. Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weak-
Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side, [ness,
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

POR. When love's well tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,
'Till better times may make it look more graceful.

MAR. Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt
 Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul,
 That pants, and reaches after distant good.
 A lover does not live by vulgar time:
 Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence,
 Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
 And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
 I'm tentimes more undone; while hope and fear,
 And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
 And with variety of pain distract me.

POR. What can thy Portius do to give thee help?

MAR. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's presence:
 Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her [sister];
 With all the strength and heats of eloquence,
 Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
 Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
 And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
 That he forgets his sleep, and loathes his food,
 That youth, and health, and war, are joyless to him:
 Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
 And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.

POR. Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office,
 That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

MAR. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes?
 And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
 To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?

POR. Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse.

But

But here believe me I've a thousand reasons—

MAR. I know thou'lt say my passion's out of season,
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts:
But what's all this to one who loves like me!
Oh Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love!
Then wouldst thou pity and assist thy brother.

POR. What should I do! if I disclose my passion,
Our friendship's at an end: if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother.

[Aside.

MAR. But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! observe her, Portius!
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heaven of beauty!
Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.

POR. She sees us, and advances—

MAR. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

SCENE II.

LUCIA, PORTIUS.

LUC. Did I not see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place and shun my presence?

POR. Oh, Lucia! language is too faint to show

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His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
 He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
 His passions and his virtues lie confus'd,
 And mixt together in so wild a tumult,
 That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
 Heavens! would one think 'twere possible for love
 To make such ravage in a noble soul!
 Oh, Lucia, I'm distress'd! my heart bleeds for him;
 Even now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
 A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
 And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smil'st upon me.

LUC. How wilt thou guard thy honour in the shock
 Of love and friendship! think betimes, my Portius,
 Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
 Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
 Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.

POR. Alas, poor youth, what dost thou think, my
 His generous, open, undesigning heart [Lucia?
 Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him.

Then do not strike him dead with a denial,
 But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
 With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:
 Perhaps, when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,
 And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us—

LUC. No, Portius, no! I see thy sister's tears,
 Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
 In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves.
 And, Portius, here I swear, to heav'n I swear,

To heaven, and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischiefs hangs about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts, as far—as I am able.

POR. What hast thou said! I'm thunder-struck!—
Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever. [recall

LUC. Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in heaven.
May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!

POR. Fixt in astonishment, I gaze upon thee;
Like one just blasted by a stroke from heaven,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks: a monument of wrath!

LUC. At length I've acted my severest part;
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart! my tears will flow.
But oh I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

POR. Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

LUC. Oh stop those sounds,
Those killing sounds! why dost thou frown upon me?
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves;
But oh! I cannot bear thy hate and live!

POR. Talk not of love: thou never knew'st its
 I've been deluded, led into a dream [force.
 Of fancied blifs. Oh Lucia, cruel maid!
 Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
 In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?
 Quick, let us part! perdition's in thy presence,
 And horror dwells about thee!—hah, she faints!
 Wretch that I am! what has my rashness done!
 Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou best
 And loveliest of thy sex! awake, my Lucia,
 Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
 —Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
 They shut not out society in death—
 But hah! she moves! life wanders up and down
 Through all her face, and lights up every charm.

LUC. O Portius, was this well!—to frown on her
 That lives upon thy smiles! to call in doubt
 The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
 That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd!
 —What do I say? my half-recover'd sense
 Forgets the vow in which my soul is bound.
 Destruction stands betwixt us! we must part.

POR. Name not the word; my frighted thoughts
 And startle into madness at the sound. [run back,

LUC. What would'st thou have me do? consider well
 The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
 Think, Portius, think, thou seest thy dying brother
 Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,

Storming at heav'n and thee! thy awful fire
Sternly demands the cause, th'accursed cause,
That robs him of his son! poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and frantic in her griefs
Calls out on Lucia! what could Lucia answer?
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow!

POR. To my confusion, and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
The mist, that hung about my mind, clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
Loveliest of women! heaven is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other! thou art all divine!

LUC. Portius, no more! thy words shoot thro' my
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love. [heart;
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? why swells thy soul with for-
It softens me too much—farewel, my Portius, [row?
Farewel, tho' death is in the word, for-ever! [ever?

POR. Stay, Lucia, stay! what dost thou say? for-

LUC. Have I not sworn? if, Portius, thy success
Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewel,
Oh, how shall I repeat the word! for-ever!

POR. Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame

Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
 And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.
 —Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o'er thee,
 And can't get loose.

LUC. If the firm Portius shake
 To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!

POR. 'Tis true; unruffled and serene I've met
 The common accidents of life, but here
 Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me,
 It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
 We must not part.

LUC. What dost thou say? not part?
 Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made?
 Are there not heavens, and gods, and thunder, o'er us!
 —But see! thy brother Marcus bends this way!
 I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell,
 Farewel, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st
 Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine.

S C E N E III.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

MAR. Portius, what hopes? how stands she? am I
 To life or death? [doom'd

POR. What would'st thou have me say?

MAR. What means this pensive posture? thou ap-
 Like one amaz'd and terrified. [pear'st

POR. I've reason.

A T R A G E D Y.

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MAR. Thy cast-down looks, and thy disorder'd
Tell me my fate. I ask not the success [thoughts
My cause has found.

POR. I'm griev'd I undertook it.

MAR. What? does the barbarous maid insult my
My aking heart! and triumph in my pains? [heart,
That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever!

POR. Away! you're too suspicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

MAR. Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion when 'tis void of love!
Fool that I was to chuse so cold a friend
To urge my cause! compassionates my pains!
Pr'ythee what art, what rhetoric didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon? She pities me!
To one that asks the warm return of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death— [ment?

POR. Marcus, no more! have I deserv'd this treat-

MAR. What have I said! O Portius, o forgive me!
A soul exasperated in ill's falls out
With every thing, its friend, itself—but hah!
What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarm?

POR. A second louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

MAR. Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!

Lucia, thou hast undone me ! thy disdain
His broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.

POR. Quick, let us hence ; who knows if Cato's life
Stands sure ? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

S C E N E IV.

SEMPRONIUS with the leaders of the mutiny.

SEMP. At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up [high ;
In its full fury, and direct it right,
'Till it has spent itself on Cato's head,
Mean while I'll herd among his friends, and seem
One of the number, that whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-soldiers may be safe.

I LEADER, We all are safe, Sempronius is our
Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato. [friend,
But hark ! he enters. Bear up boldly to him ;
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast.
This day will end our toils, and give us rest !
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

SCENE V.

CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORTIUS,
MARCUS, etc.

CAT. Where are these bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

SEMP. Curse on their dastard souls, they stand a-
stonish'd! [Aside,

CAT. Perfidious men! and will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fir'd with such motives you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Caesar's banners.
Why did I 'scape th' invenom'd Aspic's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day? why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt? behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of care!
Painful pre-eminence!

SEMP. By heavens they droop!
 Confusion to the villains! all is lost. [Aside.

CAT. Have you forgotten Libya's burning waste,
 Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
 Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
 Who was the first t'explore th'untrodden path,
 When life was hazarded in every step?
 Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
 When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream
 You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
 Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?

SEMP. If some penurious source by chance appear'd,
 Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
 And offer'd the full helmet up to Cato,
 Did he not dash th'untasted moisture from him?
 Did he not lead you through the mid-day sun,
 And clouds of dust? did not his temples glow
 In the same sultry winds, and scorching heats?

CAT. Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain
 You could not undergo the toils of war, [to Caesar
 Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.

LUC. See, Cato, see th'unhappy men! they weep!
 Fear, and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
 Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.

CAT. Learn to be honest men, give up your lead-
 And pardon shall descend on all the rest. [ers,

SEMP. Cato, commit these wretches to my care.
 First let them each be broken on the rack,

Then, with what life remains, impal'd, and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake.
There let them hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and see their fellow traitors
Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the sun.

LUC. Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?

SEMP. How! would'st thou clear rebellion!
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders,
That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood.

CAT. Forbear, Sempronius!—see they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men.
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degenerate age requires
Severity, and justice in its rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay th'uplifted thunder-bolt aside.

SEMP. Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.

CAT. Mean while we'll sacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The gen'rous plan of pow'r deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood.)
O let it never perish in your hands!

But piously transmit it to your children.
 Do thou, great liberty, inspire our souls,
 And make our lives in thy possession happy,
 Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

S C E N E VI.

SEMPRONIUS and the leaders of the mutiny.

1 LEADER. Sempronius, you have acted like yourself.
 One would have thought you had been half in earnest.

SEMP. Villain, stand off! base grovelling worthless
 wretches,

Mongrils in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

2 LEAD. Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius:
 Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.

SEMP. Know, villains, when such paltry slaves pre-
 To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds, [sume
 They're thrown neglected by; but if it fails,
 They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
 Here, take these factious monsters, drag them forth
 To sudden death.

Enter Guards.

1 LEADER. Nay, since it comes to this—

SEMP. Dispatch them quick, but first pluck out
 their tongues,
 Left with their dying breath they sow sedition.

A TRAGEDY.

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SCENE VII.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPH. Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive. Still there remains an after game to play. [tive. My troops are mounted; their Numidian steeds Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert: Let but Sempronius head us in our flight, We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard, And hew down all that would oppose our passage. A day will bring us into Caesar's camp.

SEMP. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose. Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind! [pose:

SYPH. How? will Sempronius turn a woman's slave!

SEMP. Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft Unmanly warmth, and tenderness of love.

Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid, And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion: When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

SYPH. Well said! that's spoken like thyself, Sempronius. What hinders then, but that thou find her out, [nius. And hurry her away by manly force?

SEMP. But how to gain admission? for access is given to none but Juba, and her brothers. [guards:

SYPH. Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's The doors will open, when Numidia's prince Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

SEMP. Heavens! what a thought is there! Marcia's
my own!

How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With growing beauty, and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face?
So Pluto, seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th'affrighted maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envy'd Jove his sun-shine and his skies.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUCIA.

NOW, tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,
 If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
 To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?

MAR. O Lucia! Lucia! might my big-swoln heart
 Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow:
 Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
 With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

LUC. I know thou'rt doom'd alike, to be belov'd
 By Juba, and thy father's friend Sempronius;
 But which of these has power to charm like Portius!

MAR. Still must I beg thee not to name Sempronius?
 Lucia, I like not that loud boisterous man;
 Juba to all the bravery of a hero
 Adds softest love, and more than female sweetness:
 Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
 Any of woman-kind, but Marcia, happy. [vain

LUC. And why not Marcia? come, you strive in
 To hide your thoughts from one who knows too well,
 The inward glowings of a heart in love.

MAR. While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
 To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

LUC. But should this father give you to Sempronius?

MAR. I dare not think he will: but if he should—

Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer

Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?

I hear the sound of feet! they march this way!

Let us retire, and try if we can drown

Each softer thought in sense of present danger.

When love once pleads admission to our hearts

(In spite of all the virtue we can boast)

The woman that deliberates is lost.

SCENE II.

SEMPRONIUS, dress'd like JUBA, with Numidian guards.

SEMP. The deer is lodg'd. I've track'd her to her
Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it, [covert.
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.

Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.

—How will the young Numidian rave, to see

His mistress lost? if aught could glade my soul,

Beyond th'enjoyment of so bright a prize,

'Twould be to torture that young gay Barbarian.

—But hark, what noise! death to my hopes! 'tis he,

'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left—

He must be murder'd, and a passage cut [tremble!

Through those his guards. —Hah, dastards, do you

Or act like men, or by yon azure heaven—

Enter

Enter JUBA.

JUB. What do I see? who's this that dares usurp
The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?

SEMP. One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth!

JUB. What can this mean? Sempronius! [heart.

SEMP. My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy

JUB. Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous
man!

[Sempronius falls. His guards surrender.

SEMP. Curse on my stars! am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand? disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
God's, I'm distracted! this my close of life!
O for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and heaven, and Cato, tremble! [dies.

JUB. With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.

S C E N E III.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUC. Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows, [heart
It throbs with fear, and akes at every sound.

O Marcia, should thy brothers for my sake! —

I die away with horror at the thought. [and murder!

MAR. See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's blood
Hah! a Numidian! heavens preserve the prince!

The face lies muffled up within the garment.

But hah! death to my sight! a diadem,

And purple robes! O Gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!

Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd

A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us!

LUC. Now Marcia, now call up to thy assistance

Thy wonted strength, and constancy of mind;

Thou canst not put it to a greater trial.

MAR. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my pati-

Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast, [ence.

To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted!

LUC. What can I think or say to give thee comfort?

MAR. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a sight, that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter JUBA listening.

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair;
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

JUB. What do I hear? and was the false Semprio-
That best of men? O had I fallen like him, [nius
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy!

LUC. Here will I stand, companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.

MAR. 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.
This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.

JUB. I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart?

MAR. Oh! he was all made up of love and charms,
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:
Delight of every eye! when he appear'd,
A secret pleasure gladden'd all that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.

JUB. I shall run mad—

MAR. O Juba! Juba! Juba! [Juba?

JUB. What means that voice! did she not call on

MAR. Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,

Amidst its agonies, remember'd Marcia.

And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel!

Alas, he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba!

JUB. Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What Marcia thinks! all is Elysium round me!

MAR. Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men!
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid
A last embrace, while thus—

JUB. See, Marcia, see. [Throwing himself before
The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch [her.
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.

MAR. With pleasure and amaze, I stand transport-
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once! [ed!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?

JUB. A wretch,
Disguis'd like Juba on a curs'd design.
The tale is long, nor have I hear'd it out.
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee:
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am rapt with joy to see my Marcia's tears.

MAR. I've been surpris'd in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back: the love, that lay
Half-smother'd in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre,

I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

JUB. I'm lost in ecstasy! and dost thou love,
Thou charming maid?

MAR. And dost thou live to ask it?

JUB. This, this is life indeed! life worth preserv-
Such life as Juba never felt 'till now! [ing,

MAR. Believe me, prince, before I thought thee
I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee. [dead,

JUB. O fortunate mistake!

MAR. O happy Marcia!

JUB. My joy! my best belov'd! my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!

MAR. Lucia, thy arm! Oh let me rest upon it!—
The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment—
O prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour,
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

JUB. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness. I absolve my stars.
What though Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces, to swell the victor's triumph!

Juba will never at his fate repine:
Let Caesar have the world, if Marcia's mine.

S C E N E IV.

A march at a distance.

C A T O, L U C I U S.

LUC. I stand astonish'd! what, the bold Sempronius!
That still broke foremost through the croud of pa-
As with a hurricane of zeal transported, [trials,
And virtuous ev'n to madness—

CAT. Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produc'd such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing.
—O Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!
The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.

Enter PORTIUS.

But see where Portius comes! what means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus changed?

POR. My heart is griev'd.
I bring such news as will afflict my father.

CAT. Has Caesar shed more Roman blood?

POR. Not so.

The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercis'd his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch;

I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain;
He tost his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.

CAT. Perfidious men! but haste, my son, and see
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part.

[Exit Portius.

—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
Is Caesar's: Cato has no business in it.

LUC. While pride, oppression, and injustice, reign,
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind, submit to Caesar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

CAT. Would Lucius have me live to swell the num-
Of Caesar's slaves, or by a base submission [ber
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?

LUC. The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungenerous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Caesar's.

CAT. Curse on his virtues! they've undone his
Such popular humanity is treason— [country.
But see young young Juba! the good youth appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects. [sion.

LUC. Alas, poor prince! his fate deserves compas-

Enter JUBA.

JUB. I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.

CAT. What's thy crime?

JUB. I'm a Numidian.

CAT. And a brave one too.

Thou hast a Roman soul.

JUB. Hast thou not heard
Of my false countrymen?

CAT. Alas! young prince,
Falshood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes—Rome has its Caesars.

JUB. 'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the distress'd.

CAT. 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserv'd;
Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its
weight.

JUB. What shall I answer thee? my ravish'd heart
O'erflows with secret joy: I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O Cato! than Numidia's empire.

Re-enter PORTIUS.

POR. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus—

CAT. Hah! what has he done!
Has he forsook his post? has he given way?

Did he look tamely on, and let them pass?

POR. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Born on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes;
'Till obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppress'd with multitudes, he greatly fell.

CAT. I'm satisfy'd.

POR. Nor did he fall before [phax.
His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of Sy-
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

CAT. Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his
—Portius, when I am dead, be sure thou place [duty.
His urn near mine.

POR. Long may they keep asunder!

LUC. O Cato, arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corps of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

CATO meeting the corps.

Welcome my son! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it

That we can die but once to serve our country?

—Why fits this sadness on your brows, my friends?

I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.

—Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

JUB. Was ever man like this! [Aside.

CAT. Alas my friends!

Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

JUB. Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead son.

[Aside.

CAT. Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdu'd,
The sun's whole course, the day and year, are Caesar's.
For him the self-devoted Decii dy'd,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd:
Even Pompey fought for Caesar. Oh my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire fallen! O curst ambition!
Fallen into Caesar's hands! our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

JUB. While Cato lives, Caesar will blush to see

Mankind enslav'd, and be asham'd of empire.

CAT. Caesar asham'd! has not he seen Pharsalia?

LUC. Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.

CAT. Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of dan-
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand. [ger.
Caesar shall never say I conquer'd Cato.

But oh! my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul: how shall I save my friends!
'Tis now, O Caesar, I begin to fear thee.

LUC. Caesar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

CAT. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.

Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.

Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake,
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?—

JUB. If I forsake thee
Whilst I have life, may heaven abandon Juba!

CAT. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome, hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near, my son! thou oft has seen
Thy fire engag'd in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me
Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success:
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes

To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were blest
In humble virtues, and a rural life.
There live retir'd, pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

POR., I hope, my father does not recommend
A life to Portius, that he scorns himself.

CAT. Farewel, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know, there are ships prepar'd by my command,
(Their sails already opening to the winds)
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Caesar never shall approach us more.

[Pointing to his dead son.

There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired
Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there
(Who made the welfare of mankind his care)
Tho' still, by faction, vice, and fortune, cross'd,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.

ACT V. SCENE I.

CARO solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand Plato's book on the immortality of the soul.
A drawn sword on the table by him.

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, th'unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.

Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy. [Caesar,
But when! or where!—This world was made for
I'm weary of conjectures—This must end them.

[Laying his hand on his sword.

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me;
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of them,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

SCENE II.

CATO, PORTIUS.

CAT. But hah! how's this, my son? why this in-
Were not my orders that I would be private? [trusion?
Why am I disobey'd?

POR. Alas, my father!
What means this sword? this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence!

CAT. Rash youth, forbear! [friends,

POR. O let the prayers, th'intreaties of your
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you.

CAT. Would'st thou betray me? would'st thou give
A slave, a captive, into Caesar's hands? [me up
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!—

POR. Look not thus sternly on me:
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

CAT. 'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Caesar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue, thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes—

POR. O Sir, forgive your son,

Whose grief hangs heavy on him! O my father!
 How am I sure it is not the last time
 I e'er shall call you so! be not displeased,
 O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
 And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
 To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!

CAT: Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

[Embracing him.]

Weep not, my son. All will be well again.
 The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
 Will succour Cato, and preserve his children. [heart,

POR. Your words give comfort to my drooping

CAT. Portius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct.

Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.

But go, my son, and see if ought be wanting

Among thy father's friends; see them embarked;

And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.

My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks

The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep. [vives.

POR. My thoughts are more at ease, my heart re-

S C E N E III.

P O R T I U S, M A R C I A.

POR. O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope!
 Our father will not cast away a life

So

So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me hence
With orders, that bespeak a mind compos'd,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers.

MAR. O ye immortal powers, that guard the just!
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues!
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

S C E N E IV.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUC. Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?

MAR. Lucia, speak low, he is retir'd to rest.

Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

LUC. Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato,
In every view, in every thought I tremble!
Cato is stern, and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

MAR. Tho' stern and awful to the foes of Rome,

He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
 Compassionate, and gentle to his friends.
 Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
 The kindest father! I have ever found him
 Easy, and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

LUC. 'Tis his consent alone can make us blest'd.
 Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
 In the same intricate, perplex'd distress.
 The cruel hand of fate, that has destroy'd
 Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—

MAR. And ever shall lament, unhappy youth!

LUC. Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
 Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts?
 Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
 Or how he has determin'd of thyself! [ven.

MAR. Let him but live! commit the rest to hea-

Enter LUCIUS.

LUC. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
 O Marcia! I have seen thy godlike father:
 Some power invisible supports his soul,
 And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
 A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him:
 I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
 In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
 He smil'd, and cry'd, Caesar, thou canst not hurt me.

A TRAGEDY.

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MAR. His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.

LUC. Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow? Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe [row? While Cato lives—his presence will protect us.

Enter JUBA.

JUB. Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from view—
The number, strength, and posture, of our foes, [ing
Who now encamp within a short hour's march.
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar; the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

LUC. Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father:
Caesar is still dispos'd to give us terms,
And waits at distance 'till he hears from Cato.

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

POR. As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arrived

From Pompey's son, who thro' the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.

Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.

But hark! what means that groan! O give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence.

LUC. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And in the wild disorder of his soul

Mourns o'er his country,—hah! a second groan!—
Heaven guard us all—

MAR. Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound—

Re-enter PORTIUS.

POR. O fight of woe!
O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fallen upon his sword—

LUC. O Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

POR. I've rais'd him up,
And plac'd him in his chair, where pale, and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,

Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.

[The back scene opens, and discovers Cato.

MAR. O heaven ! assist me in this dreadful hour !
To pay the last sad duties to my father. [Caesar !

JUB. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O

LUC. Now is Rome fallen indeed !

[Cato brought forward in his chair.

CAT. Here set me down—

Portius come near me—are my friends embark'd ?

Can any thing be thought of for their service ?

Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.

—O Lucius, art thou here ?—thou art too good !—

Let thus our friendship live between our children ;

Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.

Alas, poor man, he weeps !—Marcia, my daughter—

—O bend me forward !—Juba loves thee, Marcia.

A senator of Rome, while Rome survived,

Would not have match'd his daughter with a king.

But Caesar's arms have thrown down all distinction ;

Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman.—

—I'm sick to death—Oh when shall I get loose

From this vain world, th'abode of guilt and sorrow !

—And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in

On my departing soul. Alas, I fear

I've been too hasty. O ye powers ! that search

The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,

If I have done amiss, impute it not !—

The best may err, but you are good, and—oh! [Dies.

LUC. There fled the greatest soul that ever warm'd
A Roman breast; O Cato! O my friend!

Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.

But let us bear this awful corps to Caesar,

And lay it in his sight, that it may stand

A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;

Cato, tho' dead, shall still protect his friends.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.

'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,

And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,

Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,

And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.

EPILOGUE.

By Dr. GARTH. Spoken by Mrs. PORTER.

WHAT odd fantastic things we women do!
Who would not listen when young lovers woo? }
What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two! }
Ladies are often cruel to their cost;
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.
Would you revenge such rash resolves—you may:
Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say;
We hate you when you're easily said nay. }
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears?
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd as you yourselves would chuse,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;
He sighs with most success that settles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you:
Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms;

What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate!
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Even churches are no sanctuaries now:
There, golden idols all your vows receive,
She is no goddess that has nought to give.
Oh! may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
And constancy feel transport in its chains.
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time;
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

R O S A M O N D.

A N

O P E R A.

INSCRIBED TO HER

G R A C E,

T H E

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Hic, quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit,
Secreti celant calles, et myrtea circum
Silva tegit.

VIRG. AEN. vi.

R O S A M O N D

A R E

REGISTERED TO HER

THE

HUGHES OF MARLBOROUGH

T O

MR. ADDISON,

ON HIS

R O S A M O N D.

THE Opera first Italian masters taught,
 Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought.
 Britannia's learned theatre disdains
 Melodious trifles, and enervate strains;
 And blushes on her injur'd stage to see
 Nonsense well-tun'd, and sweet stupidity.

No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
 Soft as Corelli, but, as Virgil, strong.
 From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
 And music borrows helps, she us'd to give.
 Thy stile hath match'd what antient Romans knew,
 Thy flowing numbers far excel the new.
 Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
 That height of thought may seem superfluous aid;

Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needles seem the sweets of easy sound.

Landskips how gay the bow'ry grotto yields,
Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds !
What art can trace the visionary scenes,
The flow'ry groves, and everlasting greens,
The babling sounds that mimic echo plays,
The fairy shade, and its eternal maze,
Nature and art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elysium to one view confin'd !
No further could imagination roam,
Till Vanbrook fram'd, and Marlbro' rais'd the dome.

Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair;
When bards less soft the moving words supply,
A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die;
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,
(In dirges thus expiring swans complain)
Each verse so swells, expressive of her woes,
And ev'ry tear in lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.

Let joy transport fair Rosamonda's shade,
And wreathes of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,
And hears and tells the story of their loves,
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate, [great.
Since love, which made them wretched, makes them

Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil, and an Addison.

Accept, great monarch, of the British lays,
The tribute song an humble subject pays.
So tries the artless lark her early flight,
And soars, to hail the god of verse, and light.
Unrival'd as thy merit be thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envy'd name:
Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful choir,
Shall tremble on the strings of ev'ry lyre:
While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies,
Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise,
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.

THO. TICKELL.

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

KING HENRY.

SIR TRUSTY, keeper of the bower.

PAGE.

MESSENGER.

W O M E N.

QUEEN ELINOR.

ROSAMOND.

GRIDELINE, wife to Sir Trusty.

Guardian angels, etc.

SCENE, Woodstock park.

R O S A M O N D.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A prospect of Woodstock park, terminating in the bower.

Enter QUEEN, PAGE.

QUEEN.

WHAT place is here!

What scenes appear!

Where-e'er I turn my eyes,

All around

Enchanted ground

And soft Elysiums rise:

Flow'ry mountains,

Mossy fountains,

Shady woods,

Chrystal floods

With wild variety surprise.

* *As o'er the hollow vaults we walk,*

A hundred echoes round us talk:

* Alluding to the famous echo in Woodstock park.

From hill to hill the voice is lost,

Rocks rebounding,

Caves resounding,

Not a single word is lost.

PAGE. There gentle Rosamond immured
Lives from the world and you secured.

QUEEN. Curse on the name! I faint, I die,
With secret pangs of jealousy.— [Aside.

PAGE. There does the pensive beauty mourn,
And languish for her lord's return.

QUEEN. Death and confusion! I'm too slow.— [Aside.
Show me the happy mansion, show—

PAGE. Great Henry there—

QUEEN. Trifler, no more!

PAGE.—Great Henry there
Will soon forget the toils of war.

QUEEN. No more! the happy mansion show
That holds this lovely guilty foe.

My wrath, like that of heaven, shall rise,
And blast her in her paradise.

PAGE. Behold on yonder rising ground

The bower, that wanders

In meanders,

Ever bending,

Never ending,

Glades on glades,

Shades in shades,

Running an eternal round.

QUEEN.

QUEEN. In such an endless maze I rove,
Lost in labyrinths of love.

My breast with hoarded vengeance burns,
While fear and rage
With hope engage,
And rule my wav'ring-soul by turns.

PAGE. The path yon verdant field divides,
Which to the soft confinement guides.

QUEEN. Eleonora, think betimes,
What are thy hated rival's crimes!
Whither, ah whither dost thou go!
What has she done to move thee so!

—Does she not warm, with guilty fires,
The faithless lord of my desires?
Have not her fatal arts remov'd
My Henry from my arms?

'Tis her crime to be lov'd,
'Tis her crime to have charms.
Let us fly, let us fly,
She shall die, she shall die.

*I feel, I feel my heart relent,
How could the fair be innocent!*

*To a monarch like mine,
Who would not resign!
One so great and so brave
All hearts must enslave.*

PAGE. Hark, hark! what sound invades my ear?
The conqueror's approach I hear.

*He comes, victorious Henry comes!
 Hautboys, trumpets, fifes, and drums,
 In dreadful consort join'd,
 Send from afar
 A sound of war,
 And fill with horror ev'ry wind.*

QUEEN. Henry returns from danger free!
 Henry returns!—but not to me.
 He comes his Rosamond to greet,
 And lay his laurels at her feet,
 His vows impatient to renew;
 His vows to Eleonora due.
 Here shall the happy nymph detain,
 (While of his absence I complain)
 Hid in her mazy, wanton bow'r,
 My lord, my life, my conqueror.

*No, no, 'tis decreed
 The traitress shall bleed;
 No fear shall alarm,
 No pity disarm;
 In my rage shall be seen
 The revenge of a queen.*

S C E N E II.

The entry of the bower.

SIR TRUSTY, knight of the bower, solus.

*How unhappy is he,
 That is ty'd to a she,*

*And fam'd for his wit and his beauty!
For of us pretty fellows
Our wives are so jealous;
They ne'er have enough of our duty.*

But hah! my limbs begin to quiver;
I glow, I burn, I freeze, I shiver;
Whence rises this convulsive strife?

I smell a shrew!

My fears are true,

I see my wife.

SCENE III.

GRIDELINE, SIR TRUSTY.

GRID. Faithless varlet, art thou there?

SIR TR. My love, my dove, my charming fair!

GRID. Monster, thy wheedling tricks I know.

SIR TR. Why wilt thou call thy turtle so?

GRID. Cheat not me with false caresses.

SIR TR. Let me stop thy mouth with kisses,

GRID. Those to fair Rosamond are due.

SIR TR. She is not half so fair as you.

GRID. She views thee with a lover's eye.

SIR TR. I'll still be thine, and let her die.

GRID. No, no, 'tis plain. Thy frauds I see,
Traitor to thy king and me!

SIR TR. O Grideline! consult thy glass;
Behold that sweet bewitching face;

Those blooming cheeks, that lovely hue!

Ev'ry feature

(Charming creature)

Will convince you I am true.

GRID. *O how blest were Grideline,*

Could I call Sir Trusty mine!

Did he not cover amorous wiles

With soft, but ah! deceiving smiles:

How should I revel in delight,

The spouse of such a peerless knight!

SIR TR. At length the storm begins to cease,
I've sooth'd and flatter'd her to peace.

'Tis now my turn to tyrannize:

[Aside.

I feel, I feel my fury rise!

Tigress, be gone.

GRID. —I love thee so

I cannot go.

SIR TR. Fly from my passion, Beldame, fly!

GRID. Why so unkind, Sir Trusty, why?

SIR TR. Thou'rt the plague of my life.

GRID. I'm a foolish, fond wife.

SIR TR. Let us part,

Let us part.

GRID. Will you break my poor heart?

Will you break my poor heart?

SIR TR. I will if I can.

GRID. O barbarous man!

From whence doth all this passion flow?

SIR TR. *Thou art ugly and old,
And a villanous scold.*

GRID. *Thou art a rustic to call me so.
I'm not ugly nor old,
Nor a villanous scold,
But thou art a rustic to call me so.
Thou traitor, adieu!*

SIR TR. *Farewel, thou sbrew!*

GRID. *Thou traitor,*

SIR TR. *Thou sbrew,*

BOTH. *Adieu! adieu!* [Exit. Grid.

SIR TRUSTY solus.

How hard is our fate
Who serve in the state,
And should lay out our cares
On public affairs;
When conjugal toils,
And family-broils,
Make all our great labours miscarry!
Yet this is the lot
Of him that has got
Fair Rosamond's bow'r,
With the clew in his pow'r,
And is courted by all,
Both the great and the small,
As principal pimp to the mighty king Harry.

But see, the penfive fair draws near:

I'll at a distance stand and hear.

S C E N E IV.

ROSAMOND, SIR TRUSTY.

Ros. From walk to walk, from shade to shade,
From stream to purling stream convey'd,
Through all the mazes of the grove,
Through all the mingling tracks I rove,

Turning,

Burning,

Changing,

Ranging,

Full of grief and full of love.

Impatient for my lord's return,

I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn.

Was ever passion cross'd like mine?

To rend my breast,

And break my rest,

A thousand thousand ills combine.

Absence wounds me,

Fear surrounds me,

Guilt confounds me,

Was ever passion cross'd like mine?

SIR TR. What heart of stone

Can hear her moan,

And not in dumps so doleful join! [Apart.

Ros. How does my constant grief deface

The pleasures of this happy place!

In vain the spring my senses greets

In all her colours, all her sweets;

To me the rose

No longer glows,

Every plant

Has lost its scent:

The vernal blooms of various hue,

The blossoms fresh with morning dew,

The breeze, that sweeps these fragrant bowers,

Fill'd with the breath of op'ning flowers,

Purple scenes,

Winding greens,

Glooms inviting,

Birds delighting,

(Nature's softest, sweetest store)

Charm my tortur'd soul no more.

Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die;

Why so slow! great Henry, why!

From death and alarms

Fly, fly to my arms,

Fly to my arms, my monarch, fly!

SIR TR. How much more blest'd would lovers be,

Did all the whining fools agree

To live like Grideline and me!

[Apart.]

ROS. O Rosamond, behold too late

And tremble at thy future fate!

Curse this unhappy, guilty face,

Every charm, and every grace,

That to thy ruin made their way,
 And led thine innocence astray:
 At home thou seest thy queen enraged,
 Abroad thy absent lord engaged
 In wars, that may our loves disjoin,
 And end at once his life and mine.

SIR TR. Such cold complaints befit a nun;
 If she turns honest I'm undone! [Apart,

ROS. *Beneath some hoary mountain
 I'll lay me down and weep,
 Or near some warbling fountain
 Bewail myself asleep;*

*Where feather'd choirs combining
 With gentle murmur'ring streams,
 And winds in consort joining,
 Raise sadly-pleasing dreams.*

[Ex. Ros.]

SIR TRUSTY solus.
 What savage tiger would not pity
 A damsel so distress'd and pretty!
 But hah! a sound my bower invades,

[Trumpets flourish.

And echos through the winding shades;
 'Tis Henry's march! the tune I know:
 A messenger! it must be so.

S C E N E V.

A MESSENGER, SIR TRUSTY.

MESS. Great Henry comes! with love oppress'd!
 Prepare to lodge the royal guest.

From purple fields with slaughter spread,
From rivers choak'd with heaps of dead,
From glorious and immortal toils,
Loaden with honour, rich with spoils,
Great Henry comes! prepare thy bower
To lodge the mighty conqueror.

SIR TR. The bower and lady both are drest,
And ready to receive their guest.

MESS. Hither the victor flies (his queen
And royal progeny unseen)
Soon as the British shores he reached,
Hither his foaming courser stretched:
And see! his eager steps prevent
The message that himself hath sent!

SIR TR. Here will I stand
With hat in hand
Obsequiously to meet him,
And must endeavour
At behaviour
That's suitable to greet him.

S C E N E VI.

Enter KING HENRY after a flourish of trumpets.

KING. Where is my love! my Rosamond!

SIR TR. First, as in strictest duty bound,

I kiss your royal hand,

KING. Where is my life! my Rosamond!

SIR TR. Next with submission most profound,
I welcome you to land.

KING. Where is the tender, charming fair!

SIR TR. Let me appear, great Sir, I pray,
Methodical in what I say.

KING. Where is my love, o tell me where!

SIR TR. For when we have a prince's ear,

We should have wit

To know what's fit

For us to speak, and him to hear.

KING. These dull delays I cannot bear.

Where is my love, o tell me where!

SIR TR. I speak, great Sir, with weeping eyes,
She raves, alas! she faints, she dies.

KING. What dost thou say? I shake with fear!

SIR TR. Nay, good my liege, with patience hear.
She raves, and faints, and dies, 'tis true;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.

KING. *Was ever nymph like Rosamond,
So fair, so faithful, and so fond,
Adorn'd with every charm and grace!*

I'm all desire!

My heart's on fire,

And leaps and springs to her embrace.

SIR TR. At the sight of her lover
She'll quickly recover.

What place will you chuse
For first interviews?

KING. Full in the center of the grove,
In yon pavilion made for love,
Where woodbines, roses, jessamines,
Amaranths, and eglantines,
With intermingling sweets have wove
The particolour'd, gay alcove.

SIR TR. Your highness, Sir, as I presume,
Has chose the most convenient gloom;
There's not a spot in all the park
Has trees so thick, and shades so dark.

KING. Mean while with due attention wait
To guard the bower, and watch the gate;
Let neither envy, grief, nor fear,
Nor love-sick jealousy appear,
Nor senseless pomp, nor noise intrude
On this delicious solitude;
But pleasure reign through all the grove,
And all be peace, and all be love.

*O the pleasing, pleasing anguish,
When we love, and when we languish!*

Wishes rising!

Thought surprizing!

Pleasure courting!

Charms transporting!

Fancy viewing

Joys ensuing!

O the pleasing, pleasing anguish! [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A pavilion in the middle of the bower.

KING, ROSAMOND.

KING.

THUS let my weary soul forget
 Restless glory, martial strife,
 Anxious pleasures of the great,
 And gilded cares of life.

Ros. Thus let me lose, in rising joys,
 Fierce impatience, fond desires,
 Absence that flatt'ring hope destroys,
 And life-consuming fires.

KING. Not the loud British shout that warms
 The warrior's heart, nor clashing arms,
 Nor fields with hostile banners strow'd,
 Nor life on prostrate Gauls bestow'd,
 Give half the joys that fill my breast,
 While with my Rosamond I'm blest.

Ros. My Henry is my soul's delight,
 My wish by day, my dream by night.
 'Tis not in language to impart
 The secret meltings of my heart,

While I my conqueror survey,
And look my very soul away.

KING. O may the present bliss endure,
From fortune, time, and death secure!

BOTH. *O may the present bliss endure!*

KING. My eye could ever gaze, my ear
Those gentle sounds could ever hear:
But oh! with noon-day heats oppress,
My aking temples call for rest!
In yon cool grotto's artful night
Refreshing slumbers I'll invite,
Then seek again my absent fair,
With all the love a heart can bear. [Ex. King.

ROSAMOND sola.

From whence this sad presaging fear,
This sudden sigh, this falling tear?
Oft in my silent dreams by night
With such a look I've seen him fly,
Wafted by angels to the sky,
And lost in endless tracks of light;
While I, abandon'd and forlorn,
To dark and dismal desarts born,
Through lonely wilds have seem'd to stray,
A long, uncomfortable way.

They're phantoms all, I'll think no more:

My life has endless joys in store,

*Farewel sorrow, farewell fear,
They're phantoms all! my Henry's here!*

S C E N E II.

A postern gate of the bower.

GRIDELINE, PAGE.

GRID. My stomach swells with secret spight;
To see my fickle, faithless knight,
With upright gesture; goddly mien,
Face of olive, coat of green,
That charm'd the ladies long ago,
So little his own worth to know,
On a mere girl his thoughts to place;
With dimpled cheeks, and baby face;
A child! a chit! that was not born,
When I did town and court adorn.

PAGE. Can any man prefer fifteen
To venerable Grideline!

GRID. He does, my child; or tell me why
With weeping eyes so oft I spy
His whiskers curl'd, and shoe-strings ty'd,
A new toledo by his side,
In shoulder-belt so trimly plac'd,
With band so nicely smooth'd and lac'd.

PAGE. If Rosamond his garb has view'd,
The knight is false, the nymph subdu'd.

GRID. My anxious boding heart divines
His falshood by a thousand signs:

Oft o'er the lonely rocks he walks,
And to the foolish echo talks;
Oft in the glass he rowls his eye,
But turns and frowns if I am by;
Then my fond easy heart beguiles,
And thinks of Rosamond, and smiles.

PAGE. Well may you feel these soft alarms,
She has a heart——

GRID.——And he has charms.

PAGE. Your fears are too just——

GRID.——Too plainly I've prov'd

BOTH. *He loves and is lov'd.*

GRID. *O merciless fate!*

PAGE. *Deplorable state!*

GRID. *To die——*

PAGE.——*To be slain*

GRID. *By a barbarous swain,*

BOTH. *That laughs at your pain.*

GRID. How should I act? canst thou advise?

PAGE. Open the gate, if you are wise;
I, in an unsuspected hour,
May catch them dallying in the bower,
Perhaps their loose amours prevent,
And keep Sir Trusty innocent.

GRID. Thou art in truth

A forward youth,

Of wit and parts above thy age;

Thou know'st our sex. Thou art a page.

PAGE. I'll do what I can

To surprize the false man.

GRID. Of such a faithful spy I've need: *

Go in, and if thy plot succeed,

Fair youth, thou may'st depend on this,

I'll pay thy service with a kiss.

[Exit Page.]

GRIDELINE sola.

Pr'ythee, Cupid, no more

Hurl thy darts at threescore,

To thy girls and thy boys

Give thy pains and thy joys,

Let Sir Trusty and me

From thy frolics be free.

[Ex. Grid.]

S C E N E III.

P A G E, solus.

O the soft delicious view,

Ever charming, ever new!

Greens of various shades arise,

Deck'd with flowers of various dyes:

Paths by meeting paths are cross,

Alleys in winding alleys lost;

Fountains playing through the trees,

Give coolness to the passing breeze

A thousand fairy scenes appear,

Here a grove, a grotto here,

Here

* An opening Scene discovers another view of the bower.

*Here a rock, and here a stream,
Sweet delusion,
Gay confusion,
All a vision, all a dream!*

S C E N E IV.

QUEEN, PAGE.

QUEEN. At length the bowery vaults appear!
My bosom heaves, and pants with fear:
A thousand checks my heart controul,
A thousand terrors shake my soul.

PAGE. Behold the brazen gate unbarr'd!
—She's fix'd in thought, I am not heard—[*Apart.*

QUEEN. I see, I see my hands embru'd
In purple streams of reeking blood:
I see the victim gasp for breath,
And start in agonies of death:
I see my raging, dying lord,
And ô, I see myself abhor'd!

PAGE. My eyes o'erflow, my heart is rent,
To hear Britannia's queen lament. [Aside.

QUEEN. What shall my trembling soul pursue?

PAGE. Behold, great queen, the place in view!

QUEEN. Ye powers! instruct me what to do.

PAGE. That bower will show

The guilty foe

QUEEN.—It is decreed—it shall be so;

I

[After a pause.

I cannot see my lord repine

(Oh that I could call him mine!)

Why have not they most charms to move,

Whose bosoms burn with purest love!

PAGE. Her heart with rage and fondness glows.

O jealousy! thou hell of woes!

[Aside.

That conscious scene of love contains

The fatal cause of all your pains:

In yonder flowery vale she lies,

Where those fair blossom'd arbores rise.

QUEEN. Let us haste to destroy

Her guilt and her joy.

Wild and frantic is my grief!

Fury driving,

Mercy striving,

Heaven in pity send relief!

The pangs of love,

Ye powers! remove,

Or dart your thunder at my head:

Love and despair

What heart can bear?

Ease my soul, or strike me dead!

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The scene changes to the pavilion as before.

ROSAMOND sola.

Transporting pleasure! who can tell it!

When our longing eyes discover

The kind, the dear, approaching lover,

Who can utter, or conceal it!

A sudden motion shakes the grove:

I hear the steps of him I love;

Prepare, my soul, to meet thy bliss!

—Death to my eyes! what sight is this!

The queen, th'offended queen I see!

—Open, o earth! and swallow me!

SCENE VI.

*Enter to her the QUEEN with a bowl in one hand,
and a dagger in the other.*

QUEEN. Thus arm'd with double death I come:

Behold, vain wretch, behold thy doom!

Thy crimes to their full period tend,

And soon by this, or this, shall end.

ROS. What shall I say, or how reply
To threats of injur'd majesty?

QUEEN. 'Tis guilt that does thy tongue controul.

Or quickly drain the fatal bowl,

Or this right hand performs its part,

And plants a dagger in thy heart.

ROS. Can Britain's queen give such commands,
Or dip in blood those sacred hands?
In her shall such revenge be seen!
Far be that from Britain's queen!

QUEEN. How black does my design appear?
Was ever mercy so severe! [Aside.

ROS. *When tides of youthful blood run high,
And scenes of promis'd joys are nigh,
Health presuming,
Beauty blooming,
Oh how dreadful 'tis to die!*

QUEEN. To those whom foul dishonours stain,
Life itself should be a pain.

ROS. Who could resist great Henry's charms?
And drive the hero from her arms?

*Think on the soft, the tender fires,
Melting thoughts and gay desires,
That in your own warm bosom rise,
When languishing with love-sick eyes
That great, that charming man you see:
Think on yourself, and pity me!*

QUEEN. And dost thou thus thy guilt deplore!

[Offering the dagger to her breast.
Presumptuous woman! plead no more!

ROS. O queen, your lifted arm restrain!
Behold these tears!

QUEEN.—They flow in vain.

Ros. Look with compassion on my fate!
O hear my sighs!—

QUEEN.—They rise too late:
Hope not a day's, an hour's reprieve.

Ros. Though I live wretched, let me live.
In some deep dungeon let me lye,
Cover'd from every human eye,
Banish'd the day, debarr'd the light;
Where shades of everlasting night
May this unhappy face disarm,
And cast a veil o'er every charm;
Offended heaven I'll there adore,
Nor see the sun, nor Henry more.

QUEEN. *Moving language, shining tears,
Glowing guilt, and graceful fears,
Kindling pity, kindling rage.*

At once provoke me, and assuage.

[*Aside.*

Ros. What shall I do to pacifie
Your kindled vengeance?

QUEEN.—Thou shalt die.

[*Offering the dagger.*

Ros. Give me but one short moment's stay,

—O Henry, why so far away?

[*Aside.*

QUEEN. Prepare to welter in a flood
Of streaming gore.

[*Offering the dagger.*

Ros.—O spare my blood,

And let me grasp the deadly bowl.

[Takes the bowl in her hand,

QUEEN. Ye powers, how pity rends my soul!

[Aside,

ROS. Thus prostrate at your feet I fall.

O let me still for mercy call!

[Falling on her knees,

Accept, great queen, like injur'd heaven,

The soul that begs to be forgiven.

If in the latest gasp of breath,

If in the dreadful pains of death,

When the cold damp bedews your brow,

You hope for mercy, show it now.

QUEEN. Mercy to lighter crimes is due.

Horrors and death shall thine pursue.

[Offering the dagger.

ROS. Thus I prevent the fatal blow. [Drinks.

—Whither, ah! whither shall I go!

QUEEN. Where thy past life thou shalt lament,

And wish thou hadst been innocent.

ROS. Tyrant! to aggravate the stroke,

And wound a heart, already broke!

My dying soul with fury burns,

And slighted grief to madness turns.

Think not, thou author of my wo,

That Rosamond will leave thee so:

At dead of night,

A glaring spright,

*With hideous screams
I'll haunt thy dreams,
And when the painful night withdraws,
My Henry shall revenge my cause.*

O whither does my frenzy drive!
Forgive my rage, your wrongs forgive.
My veins are froze, my blood grows chill,
The weary springs of life stand still,
The sleep of death benumbs all o'er
My fainting limbs, and I'm no more.

[Falls on the couch.

QUEEN. Hear, and observe your queen's commands!

[To her attendants.

Beneath those hills a convent stands,
Where the fam'd streams of Isis stray;
Thither the breathless coarse convey,
And bid the cloister'd maids with care
The due solemnities prepare.

[Exeunt with the body.

*When vanquish'd foes beneath us lye,
How great it is to bid them die!
But how much greater to forgive,
And bid a vanquish'd foe to live!*

[Exit.

S C E N E VII.

S I R T R U S T Y in a fright.

A breathless corps! what have I seen!
 And follow'd by the jealous queen!
 It must be she! my fears are true:
 The bowl of pois'nous juice I view.
 How can the fam'd Sir Trusty live
 To hear his master chide and grieve?
 No! though I hate such bitter beer,
 Fair Rosamond, I'll pledge thee here. [Drinks.

The king this doleful news shall read

In lines of my inditing:

Great Sir,

[Writes.

Your Rosamond is dead

As I am at this present writing.

The bower turns round, my brain's abus'd,

The labyrinth grows more confus'd,

The thickets dance—I stretch, I yawn,

Death has tripp'd up my heels—I'm gone.

[Staggers and falls.

S C E N E VIII.

Q U E E N, sola.

The conflict of my mind is o'er,
 And Rosamond shall charm no more.

Hence ye secret damps of care,
 Fierce disdain, and cold despair,

Hence ye fears and doubts remove;

Hence grief and hate!

Ye pains that wait

On jealousy the rage of love.

My Henry shall be mine alone,

The hero shall be all my own;

Nobler joys possess my heart

Than crowns and scepters can impart.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE a grotto, Henry asleep, a cloud descends, in it two angels, supposed to be the guardian spirits of the British kings in war and in peace.

I ANGEL.

BEHOLD th'unhappy monarch there,
That claims our tutelary care!

2 ANG. In fields of death around his head
A shield of adamant I spread.

1 ANG. In hours of peace unseen, unknown,
I hover o'er the British throne.

2 ANG. When hosts of foes with foes engage,
And round th'anoointed hero rage,
The cleaving fauchion I misguide,
And turn the feather'd shaft aside.

1 ANG. When dark fermenting factions swell,
And prompt th'ambitious to rebel,
A thousand terrors I impart,
And damp the furious traitor's heart.

BOTH. But oh what influence can remove
The pangs of grief, and rage of love!

2 ANG. I'll fire his soul with mighty themes,
'Till love before ambition fly.

1 ANG. I'll soothe his cares in pleasing dreams,
'Till grief in joyful raptures die.

2 ANG. *Whatever glorious and renown'd
In British annals can be found;
Whatever actions shall adorn
Britannia's heroes, yet unborn,
In dreadful visions shall succeed;
On fancy'd fields the Gaul shall bleed,
Cressy shall stand before his eyes,
And Agincourt and Blenheim rise.*

1 ANG. See, see, he smiles amidst his trance,
And shakes a visionary lance,
His brain is fill'd with loud alarms,
Shouting armies, clashing arms,
The softer prints of love deface;
And trumpets sound in every trace.

BOTH. *Glory strives,
The field is won,
Fame revives,
And love is gone.*

1 ANG. To calm thy grief, and lull thy cares,
Look up and see
What after long revolving years,
Thy bower shall be!

When time its beauties shall deface,
And only with its ruins grace
The future prospect of the place.

Behold the glorious pile ascending! *
Columns swelling, arches bending,
Domes in awful pomp arising,
Art in curious strokes surprising,
Foes in figur'd fights contending,
Behold the glorious pile ascending!

2 ANG. He sees, he sees the great reward
For Anna's mighty chief prepar'd:
His growing joys no measure keep,
Too vehement and fierce for sleep.

1 ANG. *Let grief and love at once engage,
His heart is proof to all their pain:
Love may plead—*

2 ANG.—*And grief may rage—*

BOTH. *But both shall plead and rage in vain.*

[The angels ascend, and the vision disappears.]

HENRY starting from the couch,

Where have my ravish'd senses been!
What joys, what wonders have I seen!
The scene yet stands before my eye,
A thousand glorious deeds that lye

* Scene changes to the plan of Blenheim castle.

In deep futurity obscure,
Fights and triumphs immature,
Heroes immers'd in time's dark womb,
Ripening for mighty years to come,
Break forth, and to the day display'd,
My soft inglorious hours upbraid.
Transported with so bright a scheme,
My waking life appears a dream.

Adieu, ye wanton shades and bowers,

Wreathes of myrtle, beds of flowers,

Rosy brakes,

Silver lakes,

To love and you

A long adieu!

O Rosamond! O rising wo!

Why do my weeping eyes o'erflow?

O Rosamond! O fair distress'd!

How shall my heart, with grief oppress'd,

Its unrelenting purpose tell;

And take the long, the last farewell!

Rise, glory, rise in all thy charms,

Thy waving crest, and burnish'd arms,

Spread thy gilded banners round,

Make thy thund'ring courser bound,

Bid the drum and trumpet join,

Warm my soul with rage divine;

All thy pomps around thee call:

To conquer love will ask them all.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

*The scene changes to that part of the bower where
SIR TRUSTY lies upon the ground, with the bowl and
dagger on the table.*

Enter QUEEN.

Every star, and every power,
Look down on this important hour !
Lend your protection and defence
Every guard of innocence !
Help me my Henry to assuage,
To gain his love, or bear his rage.
*Mysterious love, uncertain treasure,
Hast thou more of pain or pleasure !
Chill'd with tears,
Kill'd with fears,
Endless torments dwell about thee :
Yet who would live, and live without thee !*
But oh the sight my soul alarms :
My lord appears, I'm all on fire !
Why am I banish'd from his arms ?
My heart's too full, I must retire.

[Retires to the end of the stage.]

S C E N E III.

KING, QUEEN.

KING. Some dreadful birth of fate is near :
Or why, my soul, unus'd to fear,

With secret horror dost thou shake?
 Can dreams such dire impressions make!
 What means this solemn, silent show?
 This pomp of death, this scene of woe!
 Support me, heaven! what's this I read?
 O horror! *Rosamond is dead.*
 What shall I say, or whither turn?
 With grief and rage, and love, I burn:
 From thought to thought, my soul is tost,
 And in the whirl of passion lost.
 Why did I not in battle fall,
 Crush'd by the thunder of the Gaul?
 Why did the spear my bosom miss?
 Ye powers, was I reserv'd for this!

Distracted with woe

I'll rush on the foe

To seek my relief:

The sword or the dart

Shall pierce my sad heart,

And finish my grief!

QUEEN. Fain would my tongue his griefs appease,
 And give his tortur'd bosom ease. [Aside.]

KING. But see! the cause of all my fears,
 The source of all my grief appears!

No unexpected guest is here;

The fatal bowl

Inform'd my soul

Eleonora was too near.

QUEEN. Why do I here my lord receive?

KING. Is this the welcome that you give?

QUEEN. Thus should divided lovers meet?

BOTH. *And is it thus, ah! thus we greet!*

QUEEN. What in these guilty shades could you,
Inglorious conqueror, pursue?

KING. Cruel woman, what could you?

QUEEN. Degenerate thoughts have fir'd your breast.

KING. The thirst of blood has yours possess'd.

QUEEN. *A heart so unrepenting,*

KING. *A rage so unrelenting,*

BOTH. *Will for ever*

Love disserve,

Will for ever break our rest.

KING. Floods of sorrow will I shed

To mourn the lovely shade!

My Rosamond, alas! is dead,

And where, o where convey'd!

So bright a bloom, so soft an air,

Did ever nymph disclose!

The lilly was not half so fair,

Nor half so sweet the rose.

QUEEN. How is his heart with anguish torn!

[Aside.

My lord, I cannot see you mourn;

The living you lament: while I,

To be lamented so, could die.

KING.

KING. The living! speak, oh speak again!
Why will you dally with my pain?

QUEEN. Were your lov'd Rosamond alive,
Would not my former wrongs revive?

KING. Oh no; by visions from above
Prepar'd for grief, and free'd from love,
I came to take my last adieu.

QUEEN. How am I blest'd if this be true! [Aside.

KING. And leave the unhappy nymph for you.
But o!——

QUEEN. Forbear, my lord, to grieve,
And know your Rosamond does live.

*If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him ease?
When his passion we discover,
Oh how pleasing 'tis to please!
The bliss returns, and we receive
Transports greater than we give.*

KING. O quickly relate
This riddle of fate!

My impatience forgive,
Does Rosamond live?

QUEEN. The bowl, with drowsy juices fill'd,
From cold Egyptian drugs distill'd,
In borrow'd death has clos'd her eyes:
But soon the waking nymph shall rise,
And, in a convent plac'd, admire
The cloister'd walls, and virgin choir,

With them in songs and hymns divine
The beauteous penitent shall join,
And bid the guilty world adieu,

KING. How am I blest if this be true! [Aside.

QUEEN. Atoning for herself and you.

KING. I ask no more! secure the fair
In life and bliss: I ask not where:

Eor ever from my fancy fled
May the whole world believe her dead,
That no foul minister of vice
Again my sinking soul intice,
Its broken passion to renew,
But let me live and die with you.

QUEEN. How does my heart for such a prize
The vain censorious world despise!
Tho' distant ages, yet unborn,
For Rosamond shall sadly mourn;
And with the present times agree,
To brand my name with cruelty;
How does my heart for such a prize
The vain censorious world despise!

But see your slave, while yet I speak,
From his dull trance unfetter'd break!
As he the potion shall survive
Believe your Rosamond alive.

KING. O happy day! o pleasing view!
My queen forgives——

QUEEN.—My lord is true.

KING. *No more I'll change,*

QUEEN. *No more I'll grieve:*

BOTH. *But ever thus united live.*

SIR TRUSTY *awaking.*

In which world am I! all I see,
Every thicket, bush and tree,
So like the place from whence I came,
That one would swear it were the same.
My former legs too, by their pace!
And by the whiskers, 'tis my face!
The self-same habit, garb and mein!
They ne'er would bury me in green.

SCENE IV.

GRIDELINE, SIR TRUSTY.

GRID. Have I then liv'd to see this hour,
And took thee in the very bower?

SIR TR. Widow Trusty, why so fine?
Why dost thou thus in colours shine?
Thou shouldst thy husband's death bewail
In fable vesture, peak and veil.

GRID. Forbear these foolish freaks, and see
How our good king and queen agree.
Why should not we their steps pursue,
And do as our superiors do?

SIR TR. Am I bewitch'd, or do I dream?
I know not who, or where I am,
Or what I hear, or what I see,
But this I'm sure, howe'er it be,

It suits a person in my station
 T'observe the mode, and be in fashion.
 Then let not Grideline the chaste
 Offended be for what is past,
 And hence anew my vows I plight.
 To be a faithful courteous knight.

GRID. I'll too my plighted vows renew,
 Since 'tis so courtly to be true.

*Since conjugal passion
 Is come into fashion,
 And marriage so blest'd on the throne is,
 Like a Venus I'll shine,
 Be fond and be fine,
 And Sir Trusty shall be my Adonis.*

SIR TR. *And Sir Trusty shall be thy Adonis.*

The KING and QUEEN advancing.

KING. Who to forbidden joys would rove,
 That knows the sweets of virtuous love?
 Hymen, thou source of chaste delights,
 Cheerful days, and blisful nights,
 Thou dost untainted joys dispense,
 And pleasure join with innocence:
 Thy raptures last, and are sincere
 From future grief and present fear.

BOTH. *Who to forbidden joys would rove,
 That knows the sweets of virtuous love?*

THE
D R U M M E R:

OR, THE
HAUNTED HOUSE.

A
C O M E D Y.

——Falsis terroribus implet

Ut magus——

H O R.

DR. U. M. E. R.

OF THE

HAUNTED HOUSE.

C. O. M. E. D. I.

—This is a copy of the

—original—

X 3

THE
P R E F A C E.

HAVING recommended this play to the town, and delivered the copy of it to the bookseller, I think myself obliged to give some account of it.

It had been some years in the hands of the author, and falling under my perusal, I thought so well of it, that I persuaded him to make some additions and alterations to it, and let it appear upon the stage. I own I was very highly pleased with it, and liked it the better, for the want of those studied similes and repartees, which we, who have writ before him, have thrown into our plays, to indulge and gain upon a false taste that has prevailed for many years in the British theatre. I believe the author would have condescended to fall into this way a little more than he has, had he before the writing of it been often present at theatrical representations. I was confirmed in my thoughts of the play, by the opinion of better judges to whom it was communicated, who observed that the scenes were drawn after Moliere's manner, and that an easy and natural vein of humour ran through the whole.

I do not question but the reader will discover this, and see many beauties that escaped the audience; the

touches being too delicate for every taste in a popular assembly. My brother-sharers were of opinion, at the first reading of it, that it was like a picture in which the strokes were not strong enough to appear at a distance. As it is not in the common way of writing, the approbation was at first doubtful, but has risen every time it has been acted, and has given an opportunity in several of its parts for as just and good action as ever I saw on the stage.

The reader will consider that I speak here, not as the author, but as the patentee. Which is, perhaps, the reason why I am not diffuse in the praises of the play, lest I should seem like a man who cries up his own wares only to draw in customers.

RICHARD STEELE.

P R O L O G U E.

IN this grave age, when comedies are few,
We crave your patronage for one that's new;
Tho' 'twere poor stuff, yet bid the author fair,
And let the scarceness recommend the ware.
Long have your ears been fill'd with tragic parts,
Blood and blank-verse have harden'd all your hearts;
If e'er you smile, 'tis at some party-strokes,
Round-heads and Wooden-shoes are standing jokes;
The same conceit gives claps and hisses birth,
You're grown such politicians in your mirth!
For once we try (tho' 'tis I own unsafe)
To please you all, and make both parties laugh.

Our author, anxious for his fame to-night,
And bashful in his first attempt to write,
Lies cautiously obscure and unreveal'd,
Like antient actors in a mask conceal'd.
Censure, when no man knows who writes the play,
Were much good malice merely thrown away.
The mighty critics will not blast, for shame,
A raw young thing, who dares not tell his name:
Good-natur'd judges will th'unknown defend,
And fear to blame, lest they should hurt a friend:
Each wit may praise it, for his own dear sake,
And hint he writ it, if the thing should take.
But if you're rough, and use him like a dog,
Dpend upon it—he'll remain incog.

If you should hiss, he swears he'll hiss as high,
And, like a culprit, join the hue-and-cry.

If cruel men are still averse to spare
These scenes, they fly for refuge to the fair.
Tho' with a ghost our comedy be heighten'd,
Ladies, upon my word, you shan't be frighten'd;
O, 'tis a ghost that scorns to be uncivil,
A well-spread, lusty, jointure-hunting devil;
An am'rous ghost, that's faithful, fond and true,
Made up of flesh and blood—as much as you.
They every evening come in flocks, undaunted,
We never think this house is too much haunted.

Dramatis Personae.

SIR GEORGE TRUMAN.	Mr. Wilks.
TINSEL.	Mr. Cibber.
FANTOME, the drummer.	Mr. Mills.
VELLUM, S. G. Truman's steward.	Mr. Johnson.
BUTLER.	Mr. Penkethman.
COACHMAN.	Mr. Miller.
GARDINER.	Mr. Norris.
LADY TRUMAN.	Mrs. Oldfield.
ABIGAL.	Mrs. Saunders.

THE
D R U M M E R:

OR, THE
HAUNTED HOUSE.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A GREAT HALL.

Enter the BUTLER, COACHMAN, and GARDINER.

BUTLER.

THERE came another coach to town last night, that brought a gentleman to enquire about this strange noise we hear in the house. This spirit will bring a power of custom to the George—If so be he continues his pranks, I design to sell a pot of ale, and set up the sign of the drum.

COACHMAN. I'll give madam warning, that's flat—I've always liv'd in sober families. I'll not disparage myself to be a servant in a house that is haunted.

GARDINER. I'll e'en marry Nell, and rent a bit of ground of my own, if both of you leave madam; not but that madam's a very good woman—if Mrs. Abigail did not spoil her—come, here's her health.

BUTL. It is a very hard thing to be a butler in a house that is disturb'd. He made such a racket in the cellar last night, that I'm afraid he'll sour all the beer in my barrels.

COACHM. Why then, John, we ought to take it off as fast as we can. Here's to you—He rattled so loud under the tiles last night, that I verily thought the house would have fallen over our heads. I durst not go up into the cock-loft this morning, if I had not got one of the maids to go along with me.

GARD. I thought I heard him in one of my bed-posts—I marvel, John, how he gets into the house when all the gates are shut.

BUTL. Why look ye, Peter, your spirit will creep you into an augre-hole:—he'll whisk you through a key-hole, without so much as jostling against one of the wards.

COACHM. Poor madam is mainly frightened, that's certain, and verily believes 'tis my master that was kill'd in the last campaign.

BUTL. Out of all manner of question, Robin, 'tis Sir George. Mrs. Abigail is of opinion it can be none but his honour; he always lov'd the wars, and you

THE HAUNTED HOUSE. 157

know was mightily pleas'd from a child with the music of a drum.

GARD. I wonder his body was never found after the battle.

BUTL. Found! why, you fool, is not his body here about the house? Dost thou think he can beat his drum without hands and arms?

COACHM. 'Tis master as sure as I stand here alive, and I very believe I saw him last night in the town-cloze.

GARD. Ay! how did he appear?

COACHM. Like a white horse.

BUTL. Pho, Robin, I tell ye he has never appear'd yet but in the shape of the sound of a drum.

COACHM. This makes one almost afraid of one's own shadow. As I was walking from the stable t'other night without my lanthorn, I fell a-crofs a beam, that lay in my way, and faith my heart was in my mouth—I thought I had stumbled over a spirit.

BUTL. Thou might'st as well have stumbled over a straw; why, a spirit is such a little little thing, that I have heard a man who was a great scholar, say, that he'll dance ye a Lancashire horn-pipe upon the point of a needle—As I sat in the pantry last night counting my spoons, the candle methought burnt blue, and the spay'd bitch look'd as if she saw something.

COACHM. Ay poor cur, she's almost frighten'd out of her wits.

158 THE DRUMMER: OR,

GARD. Ay, I warrant ye, she hears him many a time and often when we don't.

BUTL. My lady must have him laid, that's certain, whatever it cost her.

GARD. I fancy when one goes to market, one might hear of somebody that can make a spell.

COACHM. Why may not the parson of our parish lay him?

BUTL. No, no, no, our parson cannot lay him.

COACHM. Why not he as well as another man?

BUTL. Why, ye fool, he is not qualified—he has not taken the oaths.

GARD. Why, d'ye think, John, that the spirit would take the law of him?—faith, I could tell you one way to drive him off.

COACHM. How's that?

GARD. I'll tell you immediately [drinks]—I fancy Mrs. Abigail might scold him out of the house.

COACHM. Ay, she has a tongue that would drown his drum, if any thing could.

BUTL. Pugh, this is all froth! you understand nothing of the matter—the next time it makes a noise, I'll tell you what ought to be done—I would have the steward speak Latin to it.

COACHM. Ay, that would do, if the steward had but courage.

GARD. There you have it—He's a fearful man. If I had as much learning as he, and I met the ghost,

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I'd tell him his own! but alack what can one of us poor men do with a spirit, that can neither write nor read?

BUTL. Thou art always cracking and boasting, Peter; thou dost not know what mischief it might do thee, if such a silly dog as thee should offer to speak to it. For ought I know, he might flea thee alive, and make parchment of thy skin to cover his drum with.

GARD. A fiddlestic! tell not me—I fear nothing; not I! I never did harm in my life, I never committed murder.

BUTL. I verily believe thee, keep thy temper. Peter, after supper we'll drink each of us a double mug, and then let come what will.

GARD. Why that's well said, John; an honest man that is not quite sober, has nothing to fear—Here's to ye—why now, if he should come this minute, here would I stand. Hah! what noise is that?

BUTL. and COACHM. Ha! where?

GARD. The devil! the devil! Oh no, 'tis Mrs. Abigal.

BUTL. Ay faith! 'tis she; 'tis Mrs. Abigal! a good mistake! 'tis Mrs. Abigal.

Enter ABIGAL.

ABIG. Here are your drunken sots for you! Is this a time to be guzzling, when gentry are come to

the house! why don't you lay your cloth? How come you out of the stables? Why are not you at work in your garden?

GARD. Why, yonder's the fine Londoner and madam fetching a walk together; and methought they look'd as if they should say they had rather have my room than my company.

BUTL. And so forsooth being all three met together, we are doing our endeavours to drink this same drummer out of our heads.

GARD. For you must know, Mrs. Abigail, we are all of opinion that one can't be a match for him, unless one be as drunk as a drum.

COACHM. I am resolv'd to give madam warning to hire herself another coachman; for I came to serve my master, d'ye see, while he was alive, but do suppose that he has no farther occasion for a coach, now he walks.

BUTL. Truly, Mrs. Abigail, I must needs say, that this same spirit is a very odd sort of a body, after all, to fright madam and his old servants at this rate.

GARD. And truly, Mrs. Abigail, I must needs say, I serv'd my master contentedly, while he was living; but I will serve no man living, (that is, no man that is not living) without double wages.

ABIG. Ay, 'tis such cowards as you that go about with idle stories to disgrace the house, and bring so many

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many strangers about it; you first frighten yourselves, and then your neighbours.

GARD. Frighten'd! I scorn your words. Frighten'd quoth-a!

ABIG. What, you sot! are you grown pot-valiant!

GARD. Frighten'd with a drum! that's a good one! it will do us no harm, I'll answer for it. It will bring no bloodshed along with it, take my word. It sounds as like a train-band drum as ever I heard in my life.

BUTL. Pr'ythee, Peter, don't be so presumptuous.

ABIG. Well, these drunken rogues take it as I could wish. [Aside.

GARD. I scorn to be frightened, now I'm in for't; if old Dub-a-dub should come into the room, I would take him—

BUTL. Pr'ythee hold thy tongue.

GARD. I wou'd take him—

[The drum beats, the gardiner endeavours to get off, and falls.

BUTL. and COACHM. Speak to it, Mrs. Abigal.

GARD. Spare my life, and take all I have.

COACHM. Make off, make off, good Butler, and let us go hide ourselves in the cellar. [They all run off.

ABIGAL sola.

ABIG. So, now the coast is clear, I may venture to call out my Drummer—But first let me shut the

L

door, lest we be surpriz'd. Mr. Fantome, Mr Fantome! [He beats.] Nay, nay, pray come out, the enemy's fled—I must speak with you immediately—don't stay to beat a parley.

[The back scene opens, and discovers
Fantome with a drum.

FANT. Dear Mrs. Nabby, I have overheard all that has been said, and find thou hast managed this thing so well, that I could take thee in my arms, and kiss thee—if my drum did not stand in my way.

ABIG. Well, O' my conscience, you are the merriest ghost! and the very picture of Sir George Truman.

FANT. There you flatter me, Mrs. Abigal: Sir George had that freshness in his looks, that we men of the town cannot come up to.

ABIG. Oh! death may have alter'd you, you know—besides, you must consider, you lost a great deal of blood in the battle.

FANT. Ay, that's right; let me look never so pale, this cut cross my forehead will keep me in countenance.

ABIG. 'Tis just such a one as my master receiv'd from a cursed French trooper, as my lady's letter inform'd her.

FANT. It happens luckily that this suit of cloaths of Sir George's fits me so well—I think I can't fail

hitting the air of a man with whom I was so long acquainted.

ABIG. You are the very man—I vow I almost start when I look upon you.

FANT. But what good will this do me, if I must remain invisible?

ABIG. Pray what good did your being visible do you? The fair Mr. Fantome thought no woman cou'd withstand him—But when you were seen by my lady in your proper person, after she had taken a full survey of you, and heard all the pretty things you could say, she very civilly dismiss'd you for the sake of this empty, noisy creature Tinsel. She fancies you have been gone from hence this fortnight.

FANT. Why really I love thy lady so well, that tho' I had no hopes of gaining her for myself, I cou'd not bear to see her given to another, especially such a wretch as Tinsel.

ABIG. Well, tell me truly, Mr. Fantome, have you not a great opinion of my fidelity to my dear lady, that I would not suffer her to be deluded in this manner, for less than a thousand pound?

FANT. Thou art always reminding me of my promise—thou shalt have it, if thou canst bring our project to bear; dost not know that stories of ghosts and apparitions generally end in a pot of money?

ABIG. Why, truly now Mr Fantome, I should

think myself a very bad woman, if I had done what I do, for a farthing less.

FANT. Dear Abigal, how I admire thy virtue!

ABIG. No, no, Mr. Fantome, I defy the worst of my enemies to say I love mischief for mischief sake.

FANT. But is thy lady persuaded that I am the ghost of her deceased husband?

ABIG. I endeavour to make her believe so, and tell her every time your drum rattles, that her husband is chiding her for entertaining this new lover.

FANT. Pr'ythee make use of all thy art, for I am tir'd to death with strowling round this wide old house like a rat behind a wainscot.

ABIG. Did not I tell you, 'twas the purest place in the world for you to play your tricks in? there's none of the family that knowsevery hole and corner in it, besides myself.

FANT. Ah Mrs. Abigal! you have had your intrigues.—

ABIG. For you must know, when I was a romping young girl, I was a mighty lover of *hide and seek*.

FANT. I believe, by this time, I am as well acquainted with the house as yourself.

ABIG. You are very much mistaken, Mr. Fantome; but no matter for that; here is to be your station to-night. This is the place unknown to any one living besides myself, since the death of the joiner; who, you must understand, being a lover of mine, contriv'd

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the wainscot to move to and fro, in the manner that you find it. I design'd it for a wardrobe for my lady's cast-cloaths. Oh! the stomachers, stays, petticoats, commodes, laced shoes, and good things that I have had in it—pray take care you don't break the cherry-brandy bottle that stands up in the corner.

FANT. Well, Mrs. Abigal, I hire your closet of you but for this one night—a thousand pound you know is a very good rent.

ABIG. Well, get you gone; you have such a way with you, there's no denying you any thing!

FANT. I'm a thinking how Tinsel will stare when he sees me come out of the wall: for I'm resolv'd to make my appearance to-night.

ABIG. Get you in, get you in, my lady's at the door.

FANT. Pray take care she does not keep me up so late as she did last night, or depend upon it I'll beat the Tattoo.

ABIG. I'm undone! I'm undone—[As he is going in.] Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome, you have put the thousand pound bond into my brother's hands.

FANT. Thou shalt have it, I tell thee, thou shalt have it. [Fantome goes in.]

ABIG. No more words—vanish, vanish.

Enter LADY.

ABIG. [Opening the door.] Oh, dear madam, was it you that made such a knocking? my heart does so beat—I vow you have frighted me to death—I thought verily it had been the drummer.

LADY. I have been showing the garden to Mr. Tinsel; he's most insufferably witty upon us about this story of the drum.

ABIG. Indeed, madam, he's a very loose man! I'm afraid 'tis he that hinders my poor master from resting in his grave.

LADY. Well! an infidel is such a novelty in the country, that I am resolved to divert myself a day or two at least with the oddness of his conversation.

ABIG. Ah, madam! the drum begun to beat in the house as soon as ever this creature was admitted to visit you. All the while Mr. Fantome made his addressee to you, there was not a mouse stirring in the family more than used to be—

LADY. This baggage has some design upon me, more than I can yet discover, [aside.]—Mr. Fantome was always thy favourite.

ABIG. Ay, and should have been yours too, by my consent! Mr. Fantome was not such a slight fantastic thing as this is.—Mr. Fantome was the best built man one should see in a summer's day! Mr. Fan-

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tome was a man of honour, and lov'd you! Poor soul! how he sigh'd when he has talk'd to me of my hard-hearted lady.—Well! I had as lief as a thousand pounds you would marry Mr. Fantome!

LADY. To tell thee truly, I lov'd him well enough till I found he lov'd me so much. But Mr. Tinsel makes his court to me with so much neglect and indifference, and with such an agreeable fauciness—Not that I say I'll marry him.

ABIG. Marry him, quoth-a! no, if you should, you'll be awakened sooner than married couples generally are—You'll quickly have a drum at your window.

LADY. I'll hide my contempt of Tinsel for once, if it be but to see what this wench drives at. [Aside.

ABIG. Why, suppose your husband, after this fair warning he has given you, should sound you an alarm at midnight; then open your curtains with a face as pale as my apron, and cry out with a hollow voice, What dost thou do in bed with this spindle-shanked fellow?

LADY. Why wilt thou needs have it to be my husband? he never had any reason to be offended at me. I always lov'd him while he was living, and should prefer him to any man, were he so still. Mr. Tinsel is indeed very idle in his talk, but I fancy, Abigail, a discreet woman might reform him.

ABIG. That's a likely matter indeed! did you ever hear of a woman who had power over a man when she was his wife, that had none while she was his mistress! Oh! there's nothing in the world improves a man in his complaisance like marriage!

LADY. He is indeed, at present, too familiar in his conversation.

ABIG. Familiar! madam, in troth, he's downright rude.

LADY. But that you know, Abigal, shows he has no dissimulation in him—Then he is apt to jest a little too much upon grave subjects.

ABIG. Grave subjects! he jests upon the church.

LADY. But that, you know, Abigal, may be only to shew his wit—Then it must be own'd he is extremely talkative.

ABIG. Talkative d'ye call it! he's downright impertinent.

LADY. But that, you know, Abigal, is a sign he has been us'd to good company—Then indeed he is very positive.

ABIG. Positive! why he contradicts you in every thing you say.

LADY. But then you know, Abigal, he has been educated at the Inns of Court.

ABIG. A blessed education indeed! it has made him forget his catechism!

LADY. You talk as if you hated him.

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ABIG. You talk as if you lov'd him.

LADY. Hold your tongue! here he comes.

Enter T I N S E L.

TINS. My dear widow!

ABIG. My dear widow! marry come up! [Aside.

LADY. Let him alone, Abigal, so long as he does not call me my dear wife, there's no harm done.

TINS. I have been most ridiculously diverted since I left you—your servants have made a convert of my booby. His head is so filled with this foolish story of a drummer, that I expect the rogue will be afraid hereafter to go upon a message by moon-light.

LADY. Ah, Mr. Tinsel, what a loss of billet-doux would that be to many a fine lady!

ABIG. Then you still believe this to be a foolish story? I thought my lady had told you, that she had heard it herself.

TINS. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIG. Why, you would not persuade us out of our senses.

TINS. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIG. There's manners for you, madam. [Aside.

LADY. Admirably rally'd! that laugh is unanswerable! now I'll be hang'd if you could forbear being witty upon me, if I should tell you I heard it no longer ago than last night.

TINS. Fancy!

LADY. But what if I should tell you my maid was with me!

TINS. Vapours! vapours! pray, my dear widow, will you answer me one question?—had you ever this noise of a drum in your head, all the while your husband was living!

LADY. And pray, Mr. Tinsel, will you let me ask you another question? do you think we can hear in the country, as well as you do in town?

TINS. Believe me, madam, I could prescribe you a cure for these imaginations.

ABIG. Don't tell my lady of imaginations, Sir, I have heard it myself.

TINS. Hark thee, child—art thou not an old maid?

ABIG. Sir, if I am, it is my own fault.

TINS. Whims! frecks! megrims! indeed Mrs. Abigail.

ABIG. Marry, Sir, by your talk one would believe you thought every thing that was good is a megrim.

LADY. Why truly I don't very well understand what you mean by your doctrine to me in the garden just now, that every thing we saw was made by chance.

ABIG. A very pretty subject indeed for a lover to divert his mistress with.

LADY. But I suppose that was only a taste of the

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conversation you would entertain me with after marriage.

TINS. Oh, I shall then have time to read you such lectures of motions, atoms, and nature—that you shall learn to think as freely as the best of us, and be convinced in less than a month, that all about us is chance-work.

LADY. You are a very complaisant person indeed; and so you would make your court to me, by persuading me that I was made by chance!

TINS. Ha, ha, ha! well said, my dear, why, faith, thou wert a very lucky hit, that's certain.

LADY. Pray Mr. Tinsel, where did you learn this odd way of talking?

TINS. Ah, widow, 'tis your country innocence makes you think it an odd way of talking.

LADY. Tho' you give no credit to stories of apparitions, I hope you believe there are such things as spirits!

TINS. Simplicity!

ABIG. I fancy you don't believe women have souls, d'ye Sir?

TINS. Foolish enough!

LADY. I vow, Mr. Tinsel, I'm afraid malicious people will say I'm in love with an atheist.

TINS. Oh, my dear, that's an old-fashion'd word—I'm a free-thinker, child.

ABIG. I am sure you are a free speaker.

LADY. Really, Mr. Tinsel, considering that you are so fine a gentleman, I'm amaz'd where you got all this learning! I wonder it has not spoil'd your breeding.

TINS. To tell you the truth, I have not time to look into these dry matters myself, but I am convinced by four or five learned men, whom I sometimes over-hear at a coffee-house I frequent, that our forefathers were a pack of asses, that the world has been in an error for some thousands of years, and that all the people upon earth, excepting those two or three worthy gentlemen, are impos'd upon, cheated, bubbled, abus'd, bamboozl'd—

ABIG. Madam, how can you hear such a profligate? he talks like the London prodigal.

LADY. Why really, I'm a thinking, if there be no such things as spirits, a woman has no occasion for marrying—she need not be afraid to lie by herself.

TINS. Ah! my dear! are husbands good for nothing but to frighten away spirits? dost thou think I could not instruct thee in several other comforts of matrimony?

LADY. Ah! but you are a man of so much knowledge that you would always be laughing at my ignorance—you learned men are so apt to despise one!

TINS. No, child! I'd teach thee my principles, thou should'st be as wise as I am—in a week's time.

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LADY. Do you think your principles would make a woman the better wife?

TINS. Pr'ythee, widow, don't be queer.

LADY. I love a gay temper, but I would not have you rally things that are serious.

TINS. Well enough faith! where's the jest of rallying any thing else!

ABIG. Ah, madam, did you ever hear M. Fantome talk at this rate? [Aside.

TINS. But where's this ghost! the son of a whore of a drummer? I'd fain hear him, methinks.

ABIG. Pray, madam, don't suffer him to give the ghost such ill language, especially when you have reason to believe it is my master.

TINS. That's well enough faith, Nab; dost thou think thy master is so unreasonable, as to continue his claim to his reliet after his bones are laid? pray, widow, remember the words of your contract, you have fulfill'd them to a title—did not you marry Sir George to the tune of, *'till death us do part*.

LADY. I must not hear Sir George's memory treated in so slight a manner—this fellow must have been at some pains to make himself such a finish'd coxcomb. [Aside.

TINS. Give me but possession of your person, and I'll whirl you up to town for a winter, and cure you at once. Oh! I have known many a country lady come to London with frightful stories of the hall-

house being haunted, of fairies, spirits, and witches; that by the time she had seen a comedy, play'd at an assembly, and ambled in a ball or two, has been so little afraid of bugbears, that she has ventur'd home in a chair at all hours of the night.

ABIG. Hum——saucy-box. [Aside.

TINS. 'Tis the solitude of the country that creates these whimsies; there was never such a thing as a ghost heard of at London, except in the play-house—Oh we'd pass all our time in London. 'Tis the scene of pleasure and diversions, where there's something to amuse you every hour of the day. Life's not life in the country.

LADY. Well then, you have an opportunity of showing the sincerity of that love to me which you profess. You may give a proof that you have an affection to my person, not my jointure.

TINS. Your jointure! how can you think me such a dog! but child, won't your jointure be the same thing in London as in the country?

LADY. No, you're deceiv'd! you must know it is settled on me by my marriage-articles, on condition that I live in this old mansion-house, and keep it up in repair.

TINS. How!

ABIG. That's well put, madam.

TINS. Why saith I have been looking upon this

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house, and think it is the prettiest habitation I ever saw in my life.

LADY. Ay, but then this cruel drum!

TINS. Something so venerable in it!

LADY. Ay, but the drum!

TINS. For my part, I like this Gothic way of building better than any of your new orders—it would be a thousand pities it should fall to ruin.

LADY. Ay, but the drum!

TINS. How pleasantly we two could pass our time in this delicious situation. Our lives would be a continu'd dream of happiness. Come, faith, widow, let's go upon the leads, and take a view of the country.

LADY. Ay, but the drum! the drum!

TINS. My dear, take my word for't 'tis all fancy: besides, should he drum in thy very bed chamber, I should only hug thee the closer.

*Clasp'd in the folds of love, I'd meet my doom,
And act my joys, tho' thunder shook the room.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE opens, and discovers VELLUM in his office,
and a letter in his hand.

VELLUM.

THIS letter astonisheth; may I believe my own eyes—or rather my spectacles—To Humphrey Vellum, Esq; steward to the lady Truman.

Vellum,

‘ I Doubt not but you will be glad to hear your master is alive, and designs to be with you in half an hour. The report of my being slain in the Netherlands, has, I find, produced some disorders in my family. I am now at the George-Inn; if an old man with a grey beard, in a black cloke, enquires after you, give him admittance. He passes for a conjurer, but is really

Your faithful friend,

G. Truman.

P. S. ‘ Let this be a secret, and you shall find your account in it.’

This amazeth me! and yet the reasons why I should believe he is still living are manifold—First, because
this

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this has often been the case of other military adventurers.

Secondly, because the news of his death was first published in Dyer's letter.

Thirdly, because this letter can be written by none but himself—I know his hand, and manner of spelling.

Fourthly,—

Enter BUTLER.

BUTL. Sir, here's a strange old gentleman that asks for you; he says he's a conjurer, but he looks very suspicious; I wish he ben't a Jesuit.

VEL. Admit him immediately.

BUTL. I wish he ben't a Jesuit; but he says he's nothing but a conjurer.

VEL. He says right—he is no more than a conjurer. Bring him in and withdraw. [Exit Butler.

And fourthly, as I was saying, because—

Enter BUTLER with SIR GEORGE.

BUTL. Sir, here is the conjurer—what a devilish long beard he has! I warrant it has been growing these hundred years. [Aside Exit.

SIR GEO. Dear Vellum, you have receiv'd my letter; but before we proceed lock the door.

VEL. It is his voice. [Shuts the door.

M

SIR GEO. In the next place help me off with this cumbersome cloke.

VEL. It is his shape.

SIR GEO. So, now lay my beard upon the table.

VEL. [After having look'd on SIR GEORGE thro' his spectacles.] It is his face, every lineament!

SIR GEO. Well, now I have put off the conjurer and the old man, I can talk to thee more at my ease.

VEL. Believe me, my good master, I am as much rejoiced to see you alive, as I was upon the day you were born. Your name was in all the news-papers, in the list of those that were slain.

SIR GEO. We have not time to be particular. I shall only tell thee in general, that I was taken prisoner in the battle, and was under close confinement for several months. Upon my release, I was resolv'd to surprize my wife with the news of my being alive. I know, Vellum, you are a person of so much penetration, that I need not use any further arguments to convince you that I am so.

VEL. I am—and moreover, I question not but your good lady will likewise be convinced of it. Her honour is a discerning lady.

SIR GEO. I'm only afraid she should be convinced of it to her sorrow. Is not she pleas'd with her imaginary widow-hood? tell me truly, was she afflicted at the report of my death?

VEL. Sorely.

SIR GEO. How long did her grief last?

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VEL. Longer than I have known any widow's—
at least three days.

SIR GEO. Three days, say'st thou? three whole
days? I'm afraid thou flatterest me!—O woman!
woman!

VEL. Grief is twofold.

SIR GEO. This blockhead is as methodical as e-
ver—but I know he's honest. [Aside.

VEL. There is a real grief, and there is a metho-
dical grief; she was drown'd in tears till such time
as the taylor had made her widow's weeds—indeed
they became her.

SIR GEO. Became her! and was that her comfort?
truly a most seasonable consolation!

VEL. But I must needs say she paid a due regard
to your memory, and could not forbear weeping
when she saw company.

SIR GEO. That was kind indeed! I find she griev'd
with a deal of good-breeding. But how comes this
gang of lovers about her?

VEL. Her jointure is considerable.

SIR GEO. How this fool torments me! [Aside.

VEL. Her person is amiable—

SIR GEO. Death! [Aside.

VEL. But her character is unblemish'd. She has
been as virtuous in your absence as a Penelope—

SIR GEO. And has had as many suitors.

VEL. Several have made their overtures.

SIR GEO. Several!

VEL. But she has rejected all.

SIR GEO. There thou reviv'st me—but what means this Tinsel? are his visits acceptable?

VEL. He is young.

SIR GEO. Does she listen to him!

VEL. He is gay.

SIR GEO. Sure she could never entertain a thought of marrying such a coxcomb!

VEL. He is not ill made.

SIR GEO. Are the vows and protestations that pass between us come to this! I can't bear the thought of it! is Tinsel the man design'd for my worthy successor!

VEL. You do not consider that you have been dead these fourteen months.—

SIR GEO. Was there ever such a dog? [Aside.

VEL. And I have often heard her say, that she must never expect to find a second Sir George Truman—meaning your ho--nour.

SIR GEO. I think she lov'd me; but I must search into this story of the drummer before I discover myself to her. I have put on this habit of a conjurer, in order to introduce myself. It must be your business to recommend me as a most profound person, that by my great knowledge in the curious arts can silence the drummer, and dispossess the house.

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VEL. I am going to lay my accounts before my lady, and I will endeavour to prevail upon her honour to admit the trial of your art.

SIR GEO. I have scarce heard of any of these stories that did not arise from a love-intrigue—Amours raise as many ghosts as murders.

VEL. Mrs. Abigal endeavours to persuade us, that 'tis your ho--nour who troubles the house.

SIR GEO. That convinces me 'tis a cheat, for I think, Vellum, I may be pretty well assur'd it is not me.

VEL. I am apt to think so truly. Ha—ha—ha!

SIR GEO. Abigal had always an ascendant over her lady, and if there is a trick in this matter, depend upon it she is at the bottom of it. I'll be hang'd if this ghost be not one of Abigal's familiars.

VEL. Mrs. Abigal has of late been very mysterious.

SIR GEO. I fancy, Vellum, thou could'st worm it out of her. I know formerly there was an amour between you.

VEL. Mrs. Abigal hath her allurements, and she knows I have picked up a competency in your honour's service.

SIR GEO. If thou hast, all I ask of thee in return, is, that thou would immediately renew thy addresses to her. Coax her up. Thou hast such a silver tongue,

182 THE DRUMMER: OR,

Vellum, as 'twill be impossible for her to withstand. Besides she is so very a woman, that she'll like thee the better for giving her the pleasure of telling a secret. In short, wheedle her out of it, and I shall act by the advice which thou givest me.

VEL. Mrs. Abigal was never deaf to me, when I talked upon that subject. I will take an opportunity of addressing myself to her in the most pathetic manner.

SIR GEO. In the mean time lock me up in your office, and bring me word what success you have—Well, sure I am the first that ever was employ'd to lay himself.

VEL. You act indeed a threefold part in this house; you are a ghost, a conjurer, and my ho-noured master Sir George Truman; he, he, he! you will pardon me for being jocular.

SIR GEO. O, Mr. Vellum, with all my heart. You know I love you men of wit and humour. Be as merry as thou pleasest, so thou dost thy business. [Mimicking him.] You will remember, Vellum, your commission is twofold, first, to gain admission for me to your lady, and, secondly, to get the secret out of Abigal.

VEL. It sufficeth.

[The Scene shuts.

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Enter LADY sola.

LADY. Women who have been happy in a first marriage, are the most apt to venture upon a second. But for my part I had a husband so every way suited to my inclinations, that I must entirely forget him, before I can like another man. I have now been a widow but fourteen months, and have had twice as many lovers, all of 'em profess admirers of my person, but passionately in love with my jointure. I think it is a revenge I owe my sex to make an example of this worthless tribe of fellows, who grow impudent, dress themselves fine, and fancy we are obliged to provide for 'em. But of all my captives, Mr. Tinsel is the most extraordinary in his kind. I hope the diversion I give myself with him is unblameable. I'm sure 'tis necessary to turn my thoughts off from the memory of that dear man, who has been the greatest happiness and affliction of my life. My heart would be a prey to melancholy, if I did not find these innocent methods of relieving it. But here comes Abigail. I must teaze the baggage, for I find she has taken it into her head that I am entirely at her disposal.

Enter ABIGAIL.

ABIG. Madam! madam! yonder's Mr. Tinsel has as good as taken possession of your house. Marry, he

says, he must have Sir George's apartment enlarg'd; for truly, says he, I hate to be straiten'd. Nay, he was so impudent as to shew me the chamber where he intends to consummate, as he calls it.

LADY. Well! he's a wild fellow.

ABIG. Indeed he's a very sad man, madam.

LADY. He's young, Abigal; 'tis a thousand pities he should be lost; I should be mighty glad to reform him.

ABIG. Reform him! marry hang him!

LADY. Has not he a great deal of life?

ABIG. Ay, enough to make your heart ache.

LADY. I dare say thou think'st him a very agreeable fellow.

ABIG. He thinks himself so, I'll answer for him.

LADY. He's very good-natur'd!

ABIG. He ought to be so, for he's very silly.

LADY. Dost thou think he loves me?

ABIG. Mr. Fantome did, I am sure.

LADY. With what raptures he talk'd!

ABIG. Yes, but 'twas in praise of your jointure-house.

LADY. He has kept bad company.

ABIG. They must be very bad indeed, if they were worse than himself.

LADY. I have a strong fancy a good woman might reform him.

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ABIG. It would be a fine experiment, if it should not succeed.

LADY. Well, Abigal, we'll talk of that another time; here comes the steward, I have no further occasion for you at present. [Exit Abigal.]

Enter VELLUM.

VEL. Madam, is your ho--nour at leisure to look into the accounts of the last week? they rise very high—house-keeping is chargeable in a house that is haunted.

LADY. How comes that to pass? I hope the drum neither eats nor drinks? but read your account, Vellum.

VEL. [Putting on and off his spectacles in this scene] A hog'shead and a half of ale—it is not for the ghost's drinking—But your ho--nour's servants say they must have something to keep up their courage against this strange noise. They tell me they expect a double quantity of malt in their small-beer, so long as the house continues in this condition.

LADY. At this rate they'll take care to be frighten'd all the year round, I'll answer for 'em. But go on.

VEL. *Item*, Two sheep, and a—where is the ox?—Oh, here I have him—and an ox—your ho--nour must always have a piece of cold beef in the house for the entertainment of so many strangers, who

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come from all parts to hear this drum. *Item*, bread, ten peck-loaves—They cannot eat beef without bread—*Item*, three barrels of table-beer—They must have drink with their meat.

LADY. Sure no woman in England has a steward that makes such ingenious comments on his works.

[Aside.

VEL. *Item*, To Mr. Tinsel's servants five bottles of Port-wine—it was by your ho--nour's order—*Item*, three bottles of sack for the use of Mrs. Abigail.

LADY. I suppose that was by your own order.

VEL. We have been long friends, we are your ho--nour's antient servants; sack is an innocent cordial, and gives her spirit to chide the servants, when they are tardy in their bus'ness; he, he, he! pardon me for being jocular.

LADY. Well, I see you'll come together at last.

VEL. *Item*, A dozen pound of watch-lights for the use of the servants.

LADY. For the use of the servants! What, are the rogues afraid of sleeping in the dark? what an unfortunate woman am I! this is such a particular distress, it puts me to my wits end. Vellum, what would you advise me to do?

VEL. Madam, your ho--nour has two points to consider. *Imprimis*, To retrench these extravagant expences, which so many strangers bring upon you—*Secondly*, To clear the house of this invisible drummer.

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LADY. This learned division leaves me just as wise as I was. But how must we bring these two points to bear?

VEL. I beseech your honour to give me the hearing.

LADY. I do. But pr'ythee take pity on me, and be not tedious.

VEL. I will be concise. There is a certain person arriv'd this morning, an aged man of a venerable aspect, and of a long hoary beard, that reacheth down to his girdle. The common people call him a wizard, a white-witch, a conjurer, a cunning man, a necromancer, a——

LADY. No matter for his titles. But what of all this?

VEL. Give me the hearing, good my lady. He pretends to great skill in the occult sciences, and is come hither upon the rumour of this drum. If one may believe him, he knows the secret of laying ghosts, or of quieting houses that are haunted.

LADY. Pho, these are idle stories to amuse the country people; this can do us no good.

VEL. It can do us no harm, my lady.

LADY. I dare say thou dost not believe there is any thing in it thyself.

VEL. I cannot say, I do; there is no danger however in the experiment. Let him try his skill; if it should succeed, we are rid of the drum; if it should

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not, we may tell the world that it has, and by that means at least get out of this expensive way of living; so that it must turn to your advantage one way or another.

LADY. I think you argue very rightly. But where is the man? I would fain see him. He must be a curiosity.

VEL. I have already discoursed him, and he is to be with me, in my office, half an hour hence. He asks nothing for his pains, till he has done his work, —no cure, no money.

LADY. That circumstance, I must confess, would make one believe there is more in his art than one would imagine. Pray Vellum, go and fetch him hither immediately.

VEL. I am gone. He shall be forth-coming forth-with. [Exeunt.

Enter BUTLER, COACHMAN, GARDINER.

BUTL. Rare news, my lads, rare news!

GARD. What's the matter? hast thou got any more vales for us?

BUTL. No, 'tis better than that.

COACHM. Is there another stranger come to the house?

BUTL. Ay, such a stranger as will make all our lives easy.

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GARD. What! is he a lord?

BUTL. A lord! no, nothing like it.—He's a conjurer.

COACHM. A conjurer! what, is he come a wooing to my lady.

BUTL. No, no, you fool, he's come on purpose to lay the spirit.

COACHM. Ay marry, that's good news indeed; but where is he!

BUTL. He's lock'd up with the steward in his office, they are laying their heads together very close. I fancy they are casting a figure.

GARD. Pr'ythee, John, what sort of a creature is a conjurer?

BUTL. Why, he's made much as other men are, if it was not for his long grey beard.

COACHM. Look ye, Peter, it stands with reason, that a conjurer should have a long grey beard—for did you ever know a witch that was not an old woman?

GARD. Why! I remember a conjurer once at a fair, that to my thinking was a very smock-fac'd man, and yet he spew'd out fifty yards of green ferret. I fancy, John, if thou'dst get him into the pantry and give him a cup of ale, he'd shew us a few tricks. Dost think we could not persuade him to swallow one of thy case-knives for his diversion? he'll certainly bring it up again.

BUTL. Peter, thou art such a wise-acre! thou dost not know the difference between a conjurer and a jugler. This man must be a very great master of his trade. His beard is at least half a yard long, he's dress'd in a strange dark cloak, as black as a coal. Your conjurer always goes in mourning.

GARD. Is he a gentleman? had he a sword by his side?

BUTL. No, no, he's too grave a man for that; a conjurer is as grave as a judge—but he had a long white wand in his hand.

COACHM. You may be sure there's a good deal of virtue in that wand—I fancy 'tis made out of witch-elm.

GARD. I warrant you if the ghost appears, he'll whisk ye that wand before his eyes, and strike you the drum-stick out of his hand.

BUTL. No; the wand, look ye, is to make a circle, and if he once gets the ghost in a circle, then he has him—let him go out again if he can. A circle, you must know, is a conjurer's trap.

COACHM. But what will he do with him, when he has him there?

BUTL. Why then he'll overpower him with his learning.

GARD. If he can once compass him, and get him in lobs-pound, he'll make nothing of him, but speak

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a few hard words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good behaviour for a thousand years.

COACHM. Ay, ay, he'll send him packing to his grave again with a flea in his ear, I warrant him.

BUTL. No, no, I would advise madam to spare no cost. If the conjurer be but well paid, he'll take pains upon the ghost, and lay him, look ye, in the red-sea—and then he's laid for ever.

COACHM. Ay, marry, that would spoil his drum for him.

GARD. Why, John, there must be a power of spirits in that same red-sea—I warrant ye they are as plenty as fish.

COACHM. Well, I wish after all that he may not be too hard for the conjurer; I'm afraid he'll find a tough bit of work on't.

GARD. I wish the spirit may not carry a corner of the house off with him.

BUTL. As for that, Peter, you may be sure that the steward has made his bargain with the cunning-man before-hand, that he shall stand to all costs and damages—but hark! yonder's Mrs. Abigail, we shall have her with us immediately, if we do not get off.

GARD. Ay lads! if we could get Mrs. Abigail well laid too—we should lead merry lives.

*For to a man like me that's stout and bold,
A ghost is not so dreadful as a scold.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE opens, and discovers SIR GEORGE in Vellum's office.

SIR GEORGE.

I Wonder I don't hear of Vellum yet. But I know his wisdom will do nothing rashly. The fellow has been so used to form in business, that it has infected his whole conversation. But I must not find fault with that punctual and exact behaviour, which has been of so much use to me; my estate is the better for it.

Enter VELLUM.

Well, Vellum, I'm impatient to hear your success.

VEL. First, let me lock the door.

SIR GEO. Will your lady admit me?

VEL. If this lock is not mended soon, it will be quite spoiled.

SIR GEO. Pr'ythee let the lock alone at present, and answer me.

VEL.

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VEL. Delays in business are dangerous—I must send for the smith next week—and in the mean time will take a minute of it.

SIR GEO. What says your lady?

VEL. This pen is naught, and wants mending—My lady, did you say?

SIR GEO. Does she admit me?

VEL. I have gain'd admission for you as a conjurer.

SIR GEO. That's enough! I'll gain admission for myself as a husband. Does she believe there is any thing in my art?

VEL. It is hard to know what a woman believes.

SIR GEO. Did she ask no questions about me?

VEL. Sundry—she desires to talk with you herself, before you enter upon your business.

SIR GEO. But when?

VEL. Immediately. This instant.

SIR GEO. Pugh. What hast thou been doing all this while! why didst not tell me so? give me my cloak—have you yet met with Abigail?

VEL. I have not yet had an opportunity of talking with her. But we have interchanged some languishing glances.

SIR GEO. Let thee alone for that, Vellum, I have formerly seen thee ogle her through thy spectacles. Well! this is a most venerable cloak. After the bu-

liness of this day is over, I'll make thee a present of it. 'Twill become thee mightily.

VEL. He, he, he! would you make a conjurer of your steward?

SIR GEO. Pr'ythee don't be jocular, I'm in haste. Help me on with my beard.

VEL. And what will your ho--nour do with your cast-beard.

SIR GEO. Why, faith, thy gravity wants only such a beard to it; if thou would'st wear it with the cloak, thou would'st make a most complete heathen philosopher. But where's my wand?

VEL. A fine taper stick! it is well chosen. I will keep this till you are sheriff of the county. It is not my custom to let any thing be lost.

SIR GEO. Come, Vellum, lead the way. You must introduce me to your lady. Thou'rt the fittest fellow in the world to be a master of the ceremonies to a conjurer.

[Exit.

Enter ABIGAL crossing the stage, TINSEL following.

TINS. Naby, Naby, whither so fast, child?

ABIG. Keep your hands to yourself. I'm going to call the steward to my lady.

TINS. What? Goodman two-fold? I met him walking with a strange old fellow yonder. I suppose he belongs to the family too. He looks very antique.

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He must be some of the furniture of this old mansion-house.

ABIG. What does the man mean? don't think to palm me, as you do my lady.

TINS. Pr'ythee, Naby, tell me one thing; what's the reason thou art my enemy?

ABIG. Marry, because I'm a friend to my lady.

TINS. Dost thou see any thing about me thou dost not like? come hither, hussy, give me a kiss; don't be ill-natur'd.

ABIG. Sir, I know how to be civil. [Kisses her]—this rogue will carry off my lady, if I don't take care. [Aside.]

TINS. Thy lips are as soft as velvet, Abigail, I must get thee a husband.

ABIG. Ay, now you don't speak idly, I can talk to you.

TINS. I have one in my eye for thee. Dost thou love a young lusty son of a whore?

ABIG. Laud, how you talk!

TINS. This is a thundering dog.

ABIG. What is he?

TINS. A private gentleman.

ABIG. Ay! where does he live?

TINS. In the horse-guards—But he has one fault I must tell thee of. If thou canst bear with that, he's a man for thy purpose.

ABIG. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, what may that be?

TINS. He's but five and twenty years old.

ABIG. 'Tis no matter for his age, if he has been well educated.

TINS. No man better, child; he'll tye a wig, tofs a dye, make a pass, and swear with such a grace, as would make thy heart leap to hear him.

ABIG. Half these accomplishments will do, provided he has an estate—Pray what has he?

TINS. Not a farthing.

ABIG. Pax on him, what do I give him the hearing for! [Aside.]

TINS. But as for that I would make it up to him.

ABIG. How?

TINS. Why, look ye, child, as soon as I have married thy lady, I design to discard this old prig of a steward, and to put this honest gentleman, I am speaking of, into his place.

ABIG. This fellow's a fool—I'll have no more to say to him. [Aside.]—Hark! my lady's a-coming!

TINS. Depend upon it, Nab, I'll remember my promise.

ABIG. Ay, and so will I too—to your cost. [Aside.] [Exit Abigail.]

TINS. My dear is purely fitted up with a maid—but I shall rid the house of her.

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Enter LADY.

LADY. Oh, Mr. Tinsel, I am glad to meet you here. I am going to give you an entertainment, that won't be disagreeable to a man of wit and pleasure of the town—There may be something diverting in a conversation between a conjurer and this conceited ass. [Aside.

TINS. She loves me to distraction, I see that.

[Aside.

—Pr'ythee, widow, explain thyself.

LADY. You must know here is a strange sort of a man come to town, who undertakes to free the house from this disturbance. The steward believes him a conjurer.

TINS. Ay; thy steward is a deep one!

LADY. He's to be here immediately. It is indeed an odd figure of a man.

TINS. Oh! I warrand you he has study'd the black art! ha, ha, ha! is he not an Oxford scholar?—Widow, thy house is the most extraordinarily inhabited of any widow's this day in christendom—I think thy four chief domesticks are—a wither'd Abigal—a superannuated Steward—a Ghost—and a Conjurer.

LADY. [Mimicking Tinsel.] And you would have it inhabited by a fifth, who is a more extraordinary person than any of all these four.

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TINS. 'Tis a sure sign a woman loves you, when she imitates your manner. [Aside.]—Thou'rt very smart, my dear. But see! smoke the doctor.

Enter VELLUM, and SIR GEORGE in his conjurer's habit.

VEL. I will introduce this profound person to your ladyship, and then leave him with you——Sir, this is her ho--nour.

SIR GEO. I know it well. [Exit. Vellum. [Aside, walking in a musing posture.] That dear woman! the sight of her unmans me. I could weep for tenderness, did not I, at the same time, feel an indignation rise in me, to see that wretch with her: and yet I cannot but smile to see her in the company of her first and second husband at the same time.

LADY. Mr. Tinsel, do you speak to him; you are used to the company of men of learning.

TINS. Old gentleman, thou dost not look like an inhabitant of this world; I suppose thou art lately come down from the stars. Pray what news is stirring in the zodiac?

SIR GEO. News that ought to make the heart of a coward tremble. Mars is now entering into the first house, and will shortly appear in all his domal dignities.——

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TINS. Mars? Pr'ythee, father grey-beard, explain thyself.

SIR GEO. The entrance of Mars into his house portends the entrance of a master into his family—and that soon.

TINS. D'ye hear that, widow? the stars have cut me out for thy husband. This house is to have a master, and that soon—hark thee, old Gadbury, is not Mars very like a young fellow call'd Tom Tinsel?

SIR GEO. Not so much as Venus is like this lady.

TINS. A word in your ear, doctor; these two planets will be in conjunction by and by; I can tell you that.

SIR GEO. [aside, walking disturbed.] Curse on this impertinent fop! I shall scarce forbear discovering myself—Madam, I am told that your house is visited with strange noises.

LADY. And I am told that you can quiet them. I must confess I had a curiosity to see the person I had heard so much of; and, indeed, your aspect shows that you have had much experience in the world. You must be a very aged man.

SIR GEO. My aspect deceives you; what do you think is my real age?

TINS. I should guess thee within three years of Methuselah. Pry'thee tell me, wast not thou born before the flood?

LADY. Truly I should guess you to be in your second or third century. I warrant you, you have great grandchildren with beards of a foot long.

SIR GEO. Ha, ha, ha! if there be truth in man, I was but five and thirty last August. O! the study of the occult sciences makes a man's beard grow faster than you would imagine.

LADY. What an escape you have had, Mr. Tinsel, that you were not bred a scholar!

TINS. And so I fancy, doctor, thou think'st me an illiterate fellow, because I have a smooth chin?

SIR GEO. Hark ye, Sir, a word in your ear. You are a coxcomb by all the rules of physiognomy: but let that be a secret between you and me.

[Aside to Tinsel.]

LADY. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, what is it the doctor whispers?

TINS. Only a compliment, child, upon two or three of my features. It does not become me to repeat it.

LADY. Pray, doctor, examine this gentleman's face, and tell me his fortune.

SIR GEO. If I may believe the lines of his face, he likes it better than I do, or—than you do, fair lady.

TINS. Widow, I hope now thou'rt convinc'd he's a cheat.

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LADY. For my part I believe he's a witch—go on, doctor.

SIR. GEO. He will be cross'd in love; and that soon.

TINS. Pr'ythee, doctor, tell us the truth. Dost not thou live in Moor-fields?

SIR GEO. Take my word for it, thou shalt never live in my lady Truman's mansion-house.

TINS. Pray, old gentleman, hast thou never been pluck'd by the beard when thou wert saucy?

LADY. Nay, Mr. Tinsel, you are angry! do you think I would marry a man that dares not have his fortune told?

SIR GEO. Let him be angry—I matter not—he is but short-liv'd. He will soon die of—

TINS. Come, come, speak out, old Hocus, he, he, he! this fellow makes me burst with laughing.

[Forces a laugh.]

SIR GEO. He will soon die of a fright—or of the—let me see your nose—ay—'tis so!

TINS. You son of a whore! I'll run you through the body. I never yet made the sun shine through a conjurer—

LADY. Oh, fy, Mr. Tinsel! you will not kill an old man?

TINS. An old man! the dog says he's but five and thirty.

LADY. Oh fy, Mr. Tinsel! I did not think you could have been so passionate; I hate a passionate man. Put up your sword, or I must never see you again.

TINS. Ha, ha, ha! I was but in jest, my dear. I had a mind to have made an experiment upon the doctor's body, I would but have drill'd a little eye-let-hole in it, and have seen whether he had art enough to close it up again.

SIR GEO. Courage is but ill shown before a lady. But know, if ever I meet thee again, thou shalt find this arm can wield other weapons besides this wand.

TINS. Ha, ha, ha!

LADY. Well, learned Sir, you are to give a proof of your art, not of your courage. Or if you will show your courage, let it be at nine o'clock—for that is the time the noise is generally heard.

TINS. And look ye, old gentleman, if thou dost not do thy business well, I can tell thee by the little skill I have, that thou wilt be toss'd in a blanket before ten. We'll do our endeavour to send thee back to the stars again.

SIR GEO. I'll go and prepare myself for the ceremonies—and lady, as you expect they should succeed to your wishes, treat that fellow with the contempt he deserves. [Exit Sir George.

TINS. The sauciest dog I ever talk'd with in my whole life!

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LADY. Methinks he's a diverting fellow; one may see he's no fool.

TINS. No fool! ay, but thou dost not take him for a conjurer.

LADY. Truly I don't know what to take him for; I am resolv'd to employ him however. When a sickness is desperate, we often try remedies that we have no great faith in.

Enter ABIGAL.

ABIG. Madam, the tea is ready in the parlour, as you order'd.

LADY. Come, Mr. Tinsel, we may there talk of this subject more at leisure. [Exeunt lady and Tinsel.]

ABIGAL sola.

Sure never any lady had such servants as mine has! well, if I get this thousand pound, I hope to have some of my own. Let me see, I'll have a pretty tight girl—just such as I was ten years ago (I'm afraid I may say twenty); she shall dress me and flatter me—for I will be flatter'd, that's pos! my lady's cast-suits will serve her, after I have given them the wearing. Besides, when I am worth a thousand pound, I shall certainly carry off the steward—Madam Vellum—how prettily that will sound! Here, bring out

Madam Vellum's chaise—nay, I do not know but it may be a chariot—It will break the attorney's wife's heart—for I shall take place of every body in the parish but my lady. If I have a son, he shall be call'd Fantome. But see Mr. Vellum, as I could wish. I know his humour, and will do my utmost to gain his heart.

Enter VELLUM with a pint of sack.

VEL. Mrs. Abigal, don't I break in upon you unseasonably?

ABIG. Oh, no, Mr. Vellum, your visits are always seasonable.

VEL. I have brought with me a taste of fresh Canary, which I think is delicious.

ABIG. Pray set it down—I have a dram-glass just by—[Brings in a rummer.] I'll pledge you; my lady's good health.

VEL. And your own with it—sweet Mrs. Abigal.

ABIG. Pray, good Mr. Vellum, buy me a little parcel of this sack, and put it under the article of tea—I would not have my name appear to it.

VEL. Mrs. Abigal, your name seldom appears in my bills—and yet—if you will allow me a merry expression—you have been always in my books, Mrs. Abigal. Ha, ha, ha!

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ABIG. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Vellum, you are such a dry jesting man!

VEL. Why truly, Mrs. Abigal, I have been looking over my papers—and I find you have been a long time my debtor.

ABIG. Your debtor, for what, Mr. Vellum?

VEL. For my heart, Mrs. Abigal—and our accounts will not be balanc'd between us, till I have yours in exchange for it. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIG. Ha, ha, ha! you are the most gallant dun, Mr. Vellum.

VEL. But I am not us'd to be paid by words only, Mrs. Abigal; when will you be out of my debt?

ABIG. Oh, Mr. Vellum, you make one blush—my humble service to you.

VEL. I must answer you, Mrs. Abigal, in the country phrase—*Your love is sufficient*. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIG. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I must own, I love a merry man!

VEL. Let me see, how long is it, Mrs. Abigal, since I first broke my mind to you—It was, I think, *Undecimo Gulielmi*,—we have conversed together these fifteen years—and yet, Mrs. Abigal, I must drink to our better acquaintance. He, he, he,—Mrs. Abigal, you know I am naturally jocose.

ABIG. Ah, you men love to make sport with us silly creatures.

VEL. Mrs. Abigail, I have a trifle about me, which I would willingly make you a present of: It is indeed but a little toy.

ABIG. You are always exceedingly obliging.

VEL. It is but a little toy—scarce worth your acceptance.

ABIG. Pray don't keep me in suspense; what is it, Mr. Vellum?

VEL. A silver thimble.

ABIG. I always said Mr. Vellum was a generous lover.

VEL. But I must put it on myself, Mrs. Abigail—you have the prettiest tip of a finger—I must take the freedom to salute it.

ABIG. Oh fy! you make me ashamed, Mr. Vellum; how can you do so? I protest I am in such a confusion—

[A feign'd struggle.

VEL. This finger is not the finger of idleness; it bears the honourable scars of the needle—but why are you so cruel as not to pare your nails?

ABIG. Oh, I vow you press it so hard! pray give me my finger again.

VEL. This middle finger, Mrs. Abigail, has a pretty neighbour—a wedding-ring would become it mightily—He, he, he!

ABIG. You're so full of your jokes. Ay, but where must I find one for it?

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VEL. I design this thimble only as the forerunner of it, they will set off each other, and are—indeed a twofold emblem. The first will put you in mind of being a good house-wife, and the other of being a good wife. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIG. Yes, yes, I see you laugh at me.

VEL. Indeed I am serious.

ABIG. I thought you had quite forsaken me—I am sure you cannot forget the many repeated vows and promises you formerly made me.

VEL. I should as soon forget the multiplication table.

ABIG. I have always taken your part before my lady.

VEL. You have so, and I have *item'd* it in my memory.

ABIG. For I have always look'd upon your interests as my own.

VEL. It is nothing but your cruelty can hinder them from being so.

ABIG. I must strike while the iron's hot. [Aside.] Well, Mr. Vellum, there is no refusing you, you have such a bewitching tongue!

VEL. How? speak that again!

ABIG. Why then in plain English I love you.

VEL. I'm overjoy'd!

ABIG. I must own my passion for you.

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VEL. I'm transported!

[Catches her in his arms.

ABIG. Dear charming man!

VEL. Thou sum total of all my happiness! I shall grow extravagant! I can't forbear!—to drink thy virtuous inclinations in a bumper of sack. Your lady must make haste, my duck, or we shall provide a young steward to the estate, before she has an heir to it—Pr'ythee, my dear, does she intend to marry Mr. Tinsel?

ABIG. Marry him, my love, no, no! we must take care of that! there would be no staying in the house for us if she did. That young rake-hell would send all the old servants a-grazing. You and I should be discarded before the honey-moon was at an end.

VEL. Pr'ythee, sweet one, does not this drum put the thoughts of marriage out of her head?

ABIG. This drum, my dear, if it be well manag'd, will be no less than a thousand pound in our way.

VEL. Ay, say'st thou so, my Turtle?

ABIG. Since we are now as good as man and wife—I mean, almost as good as man and wife—I ought to conceal nothing from you.

VEL. Certainly, my dove, not from thy yoke-fellow, thy help-mate, thy own flesh and blood!

ABIG.

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ABIG. Hush! I hear Mr. Tinsel's laugh, my lady and he are a coming this way; if you will take a turn without, I'll tell you the whole contrivance.

VEL. Give me your hand, chicken.

ABIG. Here take it, you have my heart already.

VEL. We shall have much issue.

[Exeunt.]

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter VELLUM and BUTLER.

VELLUM.

JOHN, I have certain orders to give you—and therefore be attentive.

BUTL. Attentive! Ay, let me alone for that—I suppose he means being sober. [Aside.

VEL. You know I have always recommended to you a method in your business; I would have your knives and forks, your spoons and napkins, your plate and glasses, laid in a method.

BUTL. Ah, Mr. Vellum, you are such a sweet spoken man, it does one's heart good to receive your orders.

VEL. Method, John, makes business easy, it banishes all perplexity and confusion out of families.

BUTL. How he talks! I could hear him all day.

VEL. And now, John, let me know whether your table-linnen, your side-board, your cellar, and every thing else within your province, are properly and

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methodically dispos'd for an entertainment this evening.

BUTL. Master Vellum, they shall be ready at a quarter of an hour's warning. But pray, Sir, is this entertainment to be made for the conjurer?

VEL. It is, John, for the conjurer, and yet it is not for the conjurer?

BUTL. Why, look you, master Vellum, if it is for the conjurer, the cook-maid should have orders to get him some dishes to his palate. Perhaps he may like a little brimstone in his sauce.

VEL. This conjurer, John, is a complicated creature, an amphibious animal, a person of a two-fold nature—but he eats and drinks like other men.

BUTL. Marry, master Vellum, he should eat and drink as much as two other men, by the account you give of him.

VEL. Thy conceit is not amiss, he is indeed a double man, ha, ha, ha!

BUTL. Ha! I understand you, he's one of your hermaphrodites, as they call 'em.

VEL. He is married, and he is not married—he hath a beard, and he hath no beard. He is old, and he is young.

BUTL. How charmingly he talks! I fancy, master Vellum, you could make a riddle. The same man

old and young? how do you make that out, master Vellum?

VEL. Thou hast heard of a snake casting his skin, and recovering his youth. Such is this sage person.

BUTL. Nay, 'tis no wonder a conjurer should be like a serpent.

VEL. When he has thrown aside the old conjurer's slough that hangs about him, he'll come out as fine a young gentleman as ever was seen in this house.

BUTL. Does he intend to sup in his slough?

VEL. That time will show.

BUTL. Well, I have not a head for these things. Indeed, Mr. Vellum, I have not understood one word you have said this half hour.

VEL. I did not intend thou shou'dst—but to our business—let there be a table spread in the great hall. Let your pots and glasses be wash'd, and in a readiness. Bid the cook provide a plentiful supper, and see that all the servants be in their best liveries.

BUTL. Ay! now I understand every word you say. But I would rather hear you talk a little in that t'other way.

VEL. I shall explain to thee what I have said by and by—bid Susan lay two pillows upon your lady's bed.

BUTL. Two pillows! Madam won't sleep upon 'em both! she is not a double woman too.

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VEL. She will sleep upon neither. But, hark! Mrs. Abigal, I think I hear her chiding the cook-maid.

BUTL. Then I'll away, or it will be my turn next; she, I am sure, speaks plain English; one may easily understand every word she says. [Exit Butler.

VELLUM solus.

VEL. Servants are good for nothing, unless they have an opinion of the person's understanding who has the direction of them—but see Mrs. Abigal! she has a bewitching countenance; I wish I may not be tempted to marry her in good earnest.

Enter ABIGAL.

ABIG. Ha! Mr. Vellum.

VEL. What brings my sweet one hither?

ABIG. I am coming to speak to my friend behind the wainscot. It is fit, child, he should have an account of this conjurer, that he may not be surpris'd.

VEL. That would be as much as thy thousand pound is worth.

ABIG. I'll speak low—walls have ears.

[Pointing at the wainscot.

VEL. But hark, you ducklin! be sure you do not tell him that I am let into the secret.

214 THE DRUMMER: OR,

ABIG. That's a good one indeed! as if I should ever tell what passes between you and me.

VEL. No, no, my child, that must not be; he, he, he! that must not be; he, he, he!

ABIG. You will always be waggish.

VEL. Adieu, and let me hear the result of your conference.

ABIG. How can you leave me so soon? I shall think it an age till I see you again.

VEL. Adieu, my pretty one.

ABIG. Adieu, sweet Mr. Vellum!

VEL. My pretty one— [As he is going off.

ABIG. Dear Mr. Vellum!

VEL. My pretty one! [Exit Vellum.

ABIGAL sola.

ABIG. I have him—if I can but get this thousand pound.

[Fantome gives three raps upon his drum behind the wainscot.

ABIG. Ha! three raps upon the drum! the signal Mr. Fantome and I agreed upon, when he had a mind to speak with me.

[Fantome raps again.

ABIG. Very well, I hear you; come fox, come out of your hole.

SCENE opens, and FANTOME comes out,

ABIG. You may leave your drum in the wardrobe, till you have occasion for it.

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FANT. Well, Mrs. Abigal, I want to hear what is a doing in the world.

ABIG. You are a very inquisitive spirit. But I must tell you, if you do not take care of yourself, you will be laid this evening.

FANT. I have overheard something of that matter. But let me alone for the doctor—I'll engage to give a good account of him. I am more in pain about Tinsel. When a lady's in the case, I'm more afraid of one fop than twenty conjurers.

ABIG. To tell you truly, he presses his attacks with so much impudence, that he has made more progress with my lady in two days, than you did in two months.

FANT. I shall attack her in another manner, if thou canst but procure me another interview. There's nothing makes a lover so keen, as being kept up in the dark.

ABIG. Pray no more of your distant bows, your respectful compliments——Really, Mr. Fantome, you're only fit to make love a-crofs a tea-table.

FANT. My dear girl, I can't forbear hugging thee for thy good advice.

ABIG. Ay, now I have some hopes of you; but why don't you do so to my lady?

FANT. Child, I always thought your lady lov'd to be treated with respect.

216 THE DRUMMER; OR,

ABIG. Believe me, Mr. Fantome, there is not so great a difference between woman and woman, as you imagine. You see Tinsel has nothing but his sauciness to recommend him.

FANT. Tinsel is too great a coxcomb to be capable of love—And let me tell thee, Abigal, a man, who is sincere in his passion, makes but a very awkward profession of it—but I'll mend my manners.

ABIG. Ay, or you'll never gain a widow—come, I must tutor you a little; suppose me to be my lady, and let me see how you'll behave yourself.

FANT. I'm afraid, child, we han't time for such a piece of mummery.

ABIG. Oh, it will be quickly over, if you play your part well.

FANT. Why then, dear Mrs. Ab—I mean my lady Truman.

ABIG. Ay! but you han't saluted me.

FANT. That's right; faith I forgot that circumstance. [Kisses her.] Nectar and Ambrosia!

ABIG. That's very well——

FANT. How long must I be condemned to languish! when shall my sufferings have an end! my life! my happiness, my all is wound up in you.—

ABIG. Well! why don't you squeeze my hand?

FANT. What, thus?

ABIG. Thus? ay—now throw your arm about my middle; hug me closer—You are not afraid of

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hurting me! now pour forth a volley of rapture and nonsense, till you are out of breath.

FANT. Transport and extacy! Where am I—my life, my blifs! I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die!

ABIG. Go on, go on.

FANT. Flames and darts—bear me to the gloomy shade, rocks and grottos,—flowers, zephyrs, and purling streams.

ABIG. Oh! Mr. Fantome, you have a tongue would undo a vestal! you were born for the ruin of our sex.

FANT. This will do then, Abigal?

ABIG. Ay, this is talking like a lover. Tho' I only represent my lady, I take a pleasure in hearing you. Well, o' my conscience when a man of sense has a little dash of the coxcomb in him, no woman can resist him. Go on at this rate, and the thousand pound is as good as in my pocket.

FANT. I shall think it an age till I have an opportunity of putting this lesson in practice.

ABIG. You may do it soon, if you make good use of your time; Mr. Tinsel will be here with my lady at eight, and at nine the conjurer is to take you in hand.

FANT. Let me alone with both of them.

ABIG. Well! fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd. Get into your box, and I'll endeavour to dispose every thing in your favour. [Fantome goes in. Exit Abigal.]

218. THE DRUMMER: OR,

Enter VELLUM.

VEL. Mrs. Abigail is withdrawn.—I was in hopes to have heard what pass'd between her and her invisible correspondent.

Enter TINSEL.

TINS. Vellum! Vellum!

VEL. Vellum! We are methinks very familiar; I am not us'd to be call'd so by any but their honours. [Aside.]—What would you, Mr. Tinsel?

TINS. Let me beg a favour of thee, old gentleman.

VEL. What is that, good Sir.

TINS. Pr'ythee run and fetch me the rent-roll of thy lady's estate.

VEL. The rent-roll?

TINS. The rent-roll? ay the rent-roll! dost not understand what that means?

VEL. Why, have you thoughts of purchasing of it?

TINS. Thou hast hit it, old boy, that is my very intention.

VEL. The purchase will be considerable.

TINS. And for that reason I have bid thy lady very high—she is to have no less for it than this intuitive person of mine.

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VEL. Is your whole estate personal, Mr. Tinsel?
—he, he, he!

TINS. Why, you queer old dog, you don't pretend to jest, d'ye? look ye, Vellum, if you think of being continued my steward, you must learn to walk with your toes out.

VEL. An insolent companion! [Aside.]

TINS. Thou'rt confounded rich I see, by that dangling of thy arms.

VEL. An ungracious bird! [Aside.]

TINS. Thou shalt lend me a couple of thousand pounds.

VEL. A very profligate! [Aside.]

TINS. Look ye, Vellum, I intend to be kind to you—I'll borrow some money of you.

VEL. I cannot but smile to consider the disappointment this young fellow will meet with; I will make myself merry with him. [Aside.]—And so, Mr. Tinsel, you promise you will be a very kind master to me? [Sifting a laugh.]

TINS. What will you give for a life in the house you live in?

VEL. What do you think of five hundred pounds?
—ha, ha, ha!

TINS. That's too little.

VEL. And yet it is more than I shall give—and I will offer you two reasons for it.

TINS. Pr'ythee what are they?

V^{EL}. First, because the tenement is not in your disposal; and, secondly, because it never will be in your disposal; and so fare you well, good Mr. Tinsel. Ha, ha, ha! you will pardon me for being jo-
cular. *[Exit Vellum.]*

T^{INS}. This rogue is as fancy as the conjurer; I'll be hang'd if they are not a-kin.

Enter L A D Y.

L A D Y. Mr. Tinsel, what! all alone? you free-thinkers are great admirers of solitude.

T^{INS}. No faith, I have been talking with thy steward; a very grotesque figure of a fellow, the very picture of one of our benchers. How can you bear his conversation?

L A D Y. I keep him for my steward, and not my companion. He's a sober man.

T^{INS}. Yes, yes, he looks like a put—a queer old dog, as ever I saw in my life: we must turn him off, widow. He cheats thee confoundedly, I see that.

L A D Y. Indeed you're mistaken, he has always had the reputation of being a very honest man.

T^{INS}. What, I suppose he goes to church.

L A D Y. Goes to church! so do you too, I hope.

T^{INS}. I would for once, widow, to make sure of you.

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LADY. Ah, Mr. Tinsel, a husband who would not continue to go thither, would quickly forget the promises he made there.

TINS. Faith very innocent and very ridiculous! well then, I warrant thee, widow, thou wou'dst not for the world marry a sabbath-breaker!

LADY. Truly they generally come to a bad end. I remember the conjurer told you, you were short-liv'd.

TINS. The conjurer! ha, ha, ha!

LADY. Indeed you're very witty!

TINS. Indeed you're very handsome.

[Kisses her hand.

LADY. I wish the fool does not love me! [Aside.

TINS. Thou art the idol I adore. Here must I pay my devotion—Pr'ythee, widow, hast thou any timber upon thy estate?

LADY. The most impudent fellow I ever met with.

[Aside.

TINS. I take notice thou hast a great deal of old plate here in the house, widow.

LADY. Mr. Tinsel, you are a very observing man.

TINS. Thy large silver cistern would make a very good coach; and half a dozen salvers that I saw on the side-board, might be turned into six as pretty horses as any that appear in the ring.

LADY. You have a very good fancy, Mr. Tinsel,

—what pretty transformations you could make in my house—But I'll see where 'twill end. [Aside.

TINS. Then I observe, child, you have two or three services of gilt plate; we'd eat always in china, my dear.

LADY. I perceive you are an excellent manager—how quickly you have taken an inventory of my goods!

TINS. Now hark ye, widow, to show you the love that I have for you—

LADY. Very well, let me hear.

TINS. You have an old-fashion'd gold candle-cup, with the figure of a saint upon the lid on't.

LADY. I have: what then?

TINS. Why look ye, I'd sell the candle-cup with the old saint for as much money as they'd fetch, which I would convert into a diamond buckle, and make you a present of it.

LADY. Oh you are generous to an extravagancy. But pray, Mr. Tinsel, don't dispose of my goods before you are sure of my person. I find you have taken a great affection to my moveables.

TINS. My dear, I love every thing that belongs to you.

LADY. I see you do, Sir, you need not make any protestations upon that subject.

TINS. Pho, pho, my dear, we are growing serious, and, let me tell you, that's the very next step to be-

THE HAUNTED HOUSE. 223

ing dull. Come, that pretty face was never made to look grave with.

LADY. Believe me, Sir, whatever you may think, marriage is a serious subject.

TINS. For that very reason, my dear, let us get over it as fast as we can.

LADY. I shou'd be very much in haste for a husband, if I married within fourteen months after Sir George's decease.

TINS. Pray, my dear, let me ask you a question; do'st not thou think that Sir George is as dead at present, to all intents and purposes, as he will be a twelve-month hence?

LADY. Yes: but decency, Mr. Tinsel—

TINS. Or do'st thou think thou'lt be more a widow then, than thou art now?

LADY. The world would say I never lov'd my first husband.

TINS. Ah, my dear, they would say you lov'd your second; and they wou'd own I deserv'd it, for I shall love thee most inordinately.

LADY. But what wou'd people think?

TINS. Think! why they wou'd think thee the mirror of widowhood—That a woman should live fourteen whole months after the decease of her spouse, without having engaged herself. Why, about town, we know many a woman of quality's second husband several years before the death of the first.

LADY. Ay, I know you wits have your common place jests upon us poor widows.

TINS. I'll tell you a story, widow; I know a certain lady, who considering the craziness of her husband, had, in case of mortality, engaged herself to two young fellows of my acquaintance. They grew such desperate rivals for her while her husband was alive, that one of them pink'd the t'other in a duel. But the good lady was no sooner a widow, but what did my dowager do? why faith, being a woman of honour, she married a third, to whom, it seems, she had given her first promise.

LADY. And this is a true story upon your own knowledge?

TINS. Every tittle, as I hope to be marry'd, or never believe Tom Tinsel.

LADY. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, do you call this talking like a wit, or like a rake?

TINS. Innocent enough, he, he, he! why! where's the difference, my dear?

LADY. Yes, Mr. Tinsel, the only man I ever lov'd in my life, had a great deal of the one, and nothing of the other in him.

TINS. Nay now you grow vapourish; thou'lt begin to fancy thou hearest the drum by and by.

LADY. If you had been here last night about this time, you would not have been so merry.

TINS.

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TINS. About this time, say'st thou? come, faith, for the humour's sake, we'll sit down and listen.

LADY. I will, if you'll promise to be serious.

TINS. Serious! never fear me, child. Ha, ha, ha! do'st not hear him?

LADY. You break your word already. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, do you laugh to show your wit or your teeth?

TINS. Why, both! my dear—I'm glad however, that she has taken notice of my teeth. [Aside.] But you look serious, child. I fancy thou hear'st the drum, do'st not?

LADY. Don't talk so rashly.

TINS. Why, my dear, you could not look more frightened if you had Lucifer's drum-major in your house.

LADY. Mr. Tinsel, I must desire to see you no more in it, if you do not leave this idle way of talking.

TINS. Child, I thought I had told you what is my opinion of spirits, as we were drinking a dish of tea but just now—There is no such thing, I give thee my word.

LADY. Oh, Mr. Tinsel, your authority must be of great weight to those that know you.

TINS. For my part, child, I have made myself easy in those points.

LADY. Sure nothing was ever like this fellow's vanity, but his ignorance. [Aside.]

TINS. I'll tell thee what now, widow,—I would engage by the help of a white sheet and a penny-worth of link in a dark night, to frighten you a whole country village out of their senses, and the vicar into the bargain. [Drum beats.] Hark! hark! what noise is that! heaven defend us! this is more than fancy.

LADY. It beats more terrible than ever.

TINS. 'Tis very dreadful! what a dog have I been to speak against my conscience, only to show my parts!

LADY. It comes nearer and nearer. I wish you have not anger'd it by your foolish discourse.

TINS. Indeed, madam, I did not speak from my heart; I hope it will do me no hurt, for a little harmless raillery.

LADY. Harmless, d'ye call it? it beats hard by us, as if it would break through the wall.

TINS. What a devil had I to do with a white sheet? [Scene opens, and discovers Fantome.

TINS. Mercy on us! it appears.

LADY. Oh! 'tis he! 'tis he himself, 'tis Sir George! 'tis my husband! [She faints.

TINS. Now would I give ten thousand pound that I were in town.

[Fantome advances to him drumming.

I beg ten thousand pardons. I'll never talk at this rate any more. [Fantome still advances drumming.

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By my soul! Sir George, I was not in earnest
[Falls on his knees.] have compassion on my youth,
and consider I am but a coxcomb—[Fantome points
to the door] But see he waves me off—ay with all my
heart—What a devil had I to do with a white sheet?

[He steals off the stage, mending his pace
as the drum beats.

FANT. The scoundrel is gone, and has left his mi-
strefs behind him. I'm mistaken if he makes love in
this house any more. I have now only the conjurer
to deal with. I don't question but I shall make his re-
verence scamper as fast as the lover. And then the
day's my own. But the servants are coming. I must
get into my cup-board. [He goes in.

Enter ABIGAL and servants.

ABIG. O my poor lady! this wicked drum has
frighted Mr. Tinsel out of his wits, and my lady in-
to a swoon. Let me bend her a little forward. She
revives. Here, carry her into the fresh air, and she'll
recover. [They carry her off.] This is a little bar-
barous to my lady, but 'tis all for her good: and I
know her so well, that she would not be angry with
me, if she knew what I was to get by it. And if any
of her friends should blame me for it hereafter,

I'll clap my hand upon my purse, and tell 'em,

'Twas for a thousand pound, and Mr. Vellum.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter SIR GEORGE in his Conjurer's habit, the Butler marching before him with two large candles, and the two servants coming after him, one bringing a little table, and another a chair.

BUTLER.

AN'T please your worship, Mr. Conjurer, the steward has given all of us orders to do whatsoever you shall bid us, and to pay you the same respect, as if you were our master.

SIR GEO. Thou say'st well.

GARD. An't please your conjurership's worship, shall I set the table down here?

SIR GEO. Here, Peter.

GARD. Peter!—he knows my name by his learning.

[Aside.

COACHM. I have brought you, reverend Sir, the largest elbow-chair in the house; 'tis that the steward sits in when he holds a court.

SIR GEO. Place it there.

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BUTL. Sir, will you please to want any thing else?

SIR GEO. Paper, and a pen and ink.

BUTL. Sir, I believe we have paper that is fit for your purpose! my lady's mourning paper, that is black'd at the edges—would you chuse to write with a crow quill?

SIR GEO. There is none better.

BUTL. Coachman, go fetch the paper and standish out of the little parlour.

COACHM. [to the Gardiner.] Peter, pr'ythee do thou go along with me—I'm afraid—you know I went with you last night into the garden, when the cook-maid wanted a handful of parsley.

BUTL. Why, you don't think I'll stay with the conjurer by myself!

GARD. Come we'll all three go and fetch the pen and ink together. [Exeunt servants.]

SIR GEORGE solus.

There's nothing, I see, makes such strong alliances as fear.. These fellows are all enter'd into a confederacy against the ghost. There must be abundance of business done in the family at this rate. But here comes the triple alliance. Who could have thought these three rogues could have found each of 'em an employment in fetching a pen and ink?

Enter GARDINER with a sheet of paper, COACHMAN with a standish, and BUTLER with a pen.

GARD. Sir, there is your paper.

COACHM. Sir, there is your standish.

BUTL. Sir, there is your crow-quill pen—I'm glad I have got rid on't. [Aside.]

GARD. He forgets that he's to make a circle [Aside.]
—Doctor, shall I help you to a bit of chalk?

SIR GEO. It is no matter.

BUTL. Look ye, Sir, I shew'd you the spot where he's heard oftenest, if your worship can but ferret him out of that old wall in that next room—

SIR GEO. We shall try.

GARD. That's right, John. His worship must let fly all his learning at that old wall.

BUTL. Sir, if I was worthy to advise you, I would have a bottle of good October by me. Shall I set a cup of old stingo at your elbow?

SIR GEO. I thank thee—we shall do without it.

GARD. John, he seems a very good-natur'd man for a conjurer.

BUTL. I'll take this opportunity of enquiring after a bit of plate I have lost. I fancy, whilst he is in my lady's pay, one may hedge in a question or two into the bargain. Sir, Sir, may I beg a word in your ear?

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SIR GEO. What wouldst thou?

BUTL. Sir, I know I need not tell you, that I lost one of my silver spoons last week.

SIR GEO. Mark'd with a swan's neck—

BUTL. My lady's crest! he knows every thing.
[Aside.] How would your worship advise me to recover it again?

SIR GEO. Hum!

BUTL. What must I do to come at it?

SIR GEO. Drink nothing but small-beer for a fortnight—

BUTL. Small-beer! Rot-gut!

SIR GEO. If thou drink'st a single drop of ale before fifteen days are expir'd—it is as much—as thy spoon—is worth.

BUTL. I shall never recover it that way; I'll e'en buy a new one.

[Aside.] COACHM. D'ye mind how they whisper?

GARD. I'll be hang'd if he be not asking him something about Nell—

COACHM. I'll take this opportunity of putting a question to him about poor Dobbin: I fancy he could give me better counsel than the farrier.

BUTL. [to the Gardiner.] A prodigious man! he knows every thing: now is the time to find out thy pick-ax.

GARD. I have nothing to give him: does not he expect to have his hand cross'd with silver?

COACHM. [to Sir George.] Sir, may a man venture to ask you a question?

SIR GEO. Ask it.

COACHM. I have a poor horse in the stable that's bewitch'd—

SIR GEO. A bay gelding.

COACHM. How could he know that?— [Aside.

SIR GEO. Bought at Banbury.

COACHM. Whew—so it was o' my conscience.

[Whistles.

SIR GEO. Six years old last Lammas.

COACHM. To a day. [Aside.] Now, Sir, I would know whether the poor beast is bewitch'd by Goody Crouch or Goody Flye?

SIR GEO. Neither.

COACHM. Then it must be Goody Gurton! for she is the next oldest woman in the parish.

GARD. Hast thou done, Robin?

COACHM. [to the Gardiner.] He can tell thee any thing.

GARD. [to Sir George.] Sir, I would beg to take you a little further out of hearing—

SIR GEO. Speak.

GARD. The butler and I, Mr. Doctor, were both of us in love at the same time with a certain person.

SIR GEO. A woman.

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GARD. How could he know that? [Aside.

SIR GEO. Go on.

GARD. This woman has lately had two children at a birth.

SIR GEO. Twins.

GARD. Prodigious! where could he hear that? [Aside.

SIR GEO. Proceed.

GARD. Now, because I us'd to meet her sometimes in the garden, she has laid them both——

SIR GEO. To thee.

GARD. What a power of learning he must have! he knows every thing. [Aside.

SIR GEO. Hast thou done?

GARD. I would desire to know whether I am really father to them both?

SIR GEO. Stand before me, let me survey thee round.

[Lays his wand upon his head, and makes him turn about.

COACHM. Look yonder, John, the silly dog is turning about under the conjurer's wand. If he has been saucy to him, we shall see him puff'd off in a whirlwind immediately.

SIR GEO. Twins, do'st thou say! [Still turning him.

GARD. Ay; are they both mine, d'ye think?

SIR GEO. Own but one of them.

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GARD. Ah, but Mrs. Abigail will have me take care of them both—she's always for the butler—if my poor master Sir George had been alive, he would have made him go halves with me.

SIR GEO. What, was Sir George a kind master?

GARD. Was he! ay, my fellow-servants will bear me witness.

SIR GEO. Did you love Sir George?

BUTL. Every body lov'd him—

COACHM. There was not a dry eye in the parish at the news of his death—

GARD. He was the best neighbour—

BUTL. The kindest husband—

COACHM. The truest friend to the poor—

BUTL. My good lady took on mightily, we all thought it would have been the death of her.

SIR GEO. I protest these fellows melt me! I think the time long till I am their master again, that I may be kind to them. [Aside.

Enter VELLUM.

VEL. Have you provided the doctor every thing he has occasion for? if so—you may depart.

[Exeunt Servants.

SIR GEO. I can as yet see no hurt in my wife's behaviour; but still have some certain pangs and doubts, that are natural to the heart of a fond man. I must

THE HAUNTED HOUSE. 235

take the advantage of my disguise to be thoroughly satisfied. It would neither be for her happiness, nor mine, to make myself known to her till I am so. [Aside.]—Dear Vellum! I am impatient to hear some news of my wife, how does she after her fright?

VEL. It is a saying somewhere in my lord Coke, that a widow——

SIR GEO. I ask of my wife, and thou talk'st to me of my lord Coke—pr'ythee tell me how she does, for I am in pain for her.

VEL. She is pretty well recover'd; Mrs. Abigal has put her in good heart; and I have given her great hopes from your skill.

SIR GEO. That I think cannot fail, since thou hast got this secret out of Abigal. But I could not have thought my friend Fantome would have serv'd me thus——

VEL. You will still fancy you are a living man——

SIR GEO. That he should endeavour to ensnare my wife——

VEL. You have no right in her, after your demise: death extinguishes all property,—*Quoad hanc*—it is a maxim in the law.

SIR GEO. A pox on your learning! well, but what is become of Tinsel?

VEL. He rush'd out of the house, call'd for his horse, clap'd spurs to his sides, and was out of sight in less time than I—can—tell—ten.

SIR GEO. This is whimsical enough! my wife will have a quick succession of lovers in one day—Fantome has driven out Tinsel, and I shall drive out Fantome.

VEL. Even as one wedge driveth out another—he, he, he! you must pardon me for being jocular.

SIR GEO. Was there ever such a provoking block-head! but he means me well. [Aside.] Well! I must have satisfaction of this traitor Fantome; and cannot take a more proper one, than by turning him out of my house, in a manner that shall throw shame upon him, and make him ridiculous as long as he lives—You must remember, Vellum, you have abundance of business upon your hands, and I have but just time to tell it you over; all I require of you is dispatch, therefore hear me.

VEL. There is nothing more requisite in business than dispatch—

SIR GEO. Then hear me.

VEL. It is indeed the life of business—

SIR GEO. Hear me then, I say.

VEL. And as one has rightly observed, the benefit that attends it is four-fold. First—

SIR GEO. There is no bearing this! thou art a going to describe dispatch, when thou should'st be practising it.

VEL. But your ho--nour will not give me the hearing—

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SIR GEO. Thou wilt not give me the hearing—
[Angrily.]

VEL. I am still.

SIR GEO. In the first place, you are to lay my wig, hat, and sword, ready for me in the closet, and one of my scarlet coats. You know how Abigal has described the ghost to you.

VEL. It shall be done.

SIR GEO. Then you must remember, whilst I am laying this ghost, you are to prepare my wife for the reception of her real husband; tell her the whole story, and do it with all the art you are master of, that the surprize may not be too great for her.

VEL. It shall be done—but since her honour has seen this apparition, she desires to see you once more, before you encounter it.

SIR GEO. I shall expect her impatiently. For now I can talk to her without being interrupted by that impertinent rogue Tinsel. I hope thou hast not told Abigal any thing of the secret.

VEL. Mrs. Abigal is a woman; there are many reasons why she should not be acquainted with it: I shall only mention six——

SIR GEO. Hush, here she comes! oh my heart!

—*quitted and on vigion allowed*—*and*
yligna Enter LADY and ABIGAL.

SIR GEO. [Aside, while Vellum talks in dumb show to Lady.] O that lov'd woman! how I long to take her in my arms! if I find I am still dear to her memory, it will be a return to life indeed! but I must take care of indulging this tenderness, and put on a behaviour more suitable to my present character.

[Walks at a distance in a pensive posture, waving his wand.]

LADY. [to Vellum] This is surprizing indeed! so all the servants tell me; they say he knows every thing that has happen'd in the family.

ABIG. [Aside.] A parcel of credulous fools! they first tell him their secrets, and then wonder how he comes to know them.

[Exit Vellum, exchanging fond looks with Abigal.]

LADY. Learned Sir, may I have some conversation with you, before you begin your ceremonies?

SIR GEO. Speak! but hold—first let me feel your pulse.

LADY. What can you learn from that?

SIR GEO. I have already learned a secret from it, that will astonish you.

LADY. Pray what is it?

THE HAUNTED HOUSE. 239

SIR GEO. You will have a husband within this half hour.

ABIG. [Aside.] I'm glad to hear that—he must mean Mr. Fantome; I begin to think there's a good deal of truth in his art.

LADY. Alas! I fear you mean I shall see Sir George's apparition a second time.

SIR GEO. Have courage, you shall see the apparition no more. The husband I mention shall be as much alive as I am.

ABIG. Mr. Fantome to be sure. [Aside.]

LADY. Impossible! I lov'd my first too well.

SIR GEO. You could not love the first better than you will love the second.

ABIG. [Aside.] I'll be hang'd if my dear steward has not instructed him; he means Mr. Fantome, to be sure; the thousand pound is our own!

LADY. Alas! you did not know Sir George.

SIR GEO. As well as I do myself—I saw him with you in the red damask room, when he first made love to you; your mother left you together, under pretence of receiving a visit from Mrs. Hawthorn, on her return from London.

LADY. This is astonishing!

SIR GEO. You were a great admirer of a single life for the first half hour; your refusals then grew still fainter and fainter. With what ecstasy did Sir George

240 THE DRUMMER: OR,
kiss your hand, when you told him you should always follow the advice of your Mamma?

LADY. Every circumstance to a tittle!

SIR GEO. Then lady! the wedding night! I saw you in your white sattine night-gown; you would not come out of your dressing-room, till Sir George took you out by force. He drew you gently by the hand—you struggled—but he was too strong for you—you blush'd, he—

LADY. Oh! stop there! go no farther!—he knows every thing. [Aside.]

ABIG. Truly, Mr. Conjuror, I believe you have been a wag in your youth.

SIR GEO. Mrs. Abigal, you know what your good word cost Sir George, a purse of broad pieces, Mrs. Abigal—

ABIG. The devil's in him. [Aside.] Pray, Sir, since you have told so far, you should tell my lady that I refus'd to take them.

SIR GEO. 'Tis true, child, he was forc'd to thrust them into your bosom.

ABIG. This rogue will mention the thousand pound, if I don't take care. [Aside.] Pray, Sir, though you are a conjurer, methinks you need not be a blab—

LADY. Sir, since I have now no reason to doubt of your art, I must beseech you to treat this apparition

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tion gently—it has the resemblance of my deceas'd husband; if there be any undiscover'd secret, any thing that troubles his rest, learn it of him.

SIR GEO. I must to that end be sincerely inform-
ed by you, whether your heart be engaged to ano-
ther; have you not received the addresses of many
lovers since his death?

LADY. I have been obliged to receive more visits,
than have been agreeable.

SIR GEO. Was not Tinsel welcome?—I'm afraid
to hear an answer to my own question. [Aside.

LADY. He was well recommended.

SIR GEO. Racks! [Aside.

LADY. Of a good family.

SIR GEO. Tortures! [Aside.

LADY. Heir to a considerable estate!

SIR GEO. Death! [Aside.] And you still love him?
—I'm distracted! [Aside.

LADY. No, I despise him. I found he had a design
upon my fortune, was base, profligate, cowardly, and
every thing that could be expected from a man of the
vilest principles—

SIR GEO. I'm recover'd. [Aside.

ABIG. Oh, madam, had you seen how like a scoun-
drel he look'd when he left your ladyship in a swoon.
Where have you left my lady? says I. In an elbow-
chair, child, says he: and where are you going?

says I. To town, child, says he, for to tell thee truly, child, says he, I don't care for living under the same roof with the devil, says he.

SIR GEO. Well, lady, I see nothing in all this that may hinder Sir George's spirit from being at rest.

LADY. If he knows any thing of what passes in my heart, he cannot but be satisfy'd of that fondness which I bear to his memory. My sorrow for him is always fresh when I think of him. He was the kindest, truest, tenderest——Tears will not let me go on——

SIR GEO. This quite o'erpowers me—I shall discover myself before my time. [Aside.]——Madam, you may now retire and leave me to myself.

LADY. Success attend you!

ABIG. I wish Mr. Fantome gets well off from this old Don—I know he'll be with him immediately.

[Exeunt Lady and Abigal.]

SIR GEORGE solus.

SIR GEO. My heart is now at ease, she is the same dear woman I left her——now for my revenge upon Fantome——I shall cut the ceremonies short——a few words will do his business——now let me seat myself in form——a good easy chair for a conjurer this!——now for a few mathematical scratches——a good lucky scrawl, that——faith I think it looks

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very astrological—these two or three magical pot-hooks about it, make it a compleat conjurer's scheme. [Drum beats.] Ha, ha, ha, Sir, are you there? Enter Drummer. Now I must pore upon my paper.

Enter FANTOME, beating his drum.

SIR GEO. Pr'ythee don't make a noise, I'm busy.

[Fantome beats.]

A pretty march! pr'ythee beat that over again.

[He beats and advances.]

SIR GEO. [Rising.] Ha! you're very perfect in the step of a ghost. You stalk it majestically.

[Fantome advances.]

How the rogue stares! he acts it to admiration! I'll be hang'd if he has not been practising this half hour in Mrs. Abigal's wardrobe.

[Fantome starts, and gives a rap upon his drum.]

Pr'ythee don't play the fool! [Fantome beats.]

Nay, nay, enough of this, good Mr. Fantome.

FANT. [Aside.] Death! I'm discover'd. This jade Abigal has betray'd me.

SIR GEO. Mr. Fantome, upon the word of an astrologer, your thousand pound bribe will never gain my lady Truman.

FANT. 'Tis plain, she has told him all. [Aside.]

Q 2

SIR GEO. Let me advise you to make off as fast as you can, or I plainly perceive by my art, Mr. Ghost will have his bones broke.

FANT. [to Sir George.] Look ye, old gentleman, I perceive you have learnt this secret from Mrs. Abigail.

SIR GEO. I have learn'd it from my art.

FANT. Thy art! Pr'ythee no more of that. Look ye, I know you are a cheat as much as I am. And if thou'lt keep my counsel, I'll give thee ten broad pieces.—

SIR GEO. I am not mercenary! young man, I scorn thy gold.

FANT. I'll make them up twenty—

SIR GEO. Avant! and that quickly, or I'll raise such an apparition, as shall—

FANT. An apparition, old gentleman! you mistake your man, I am not to be frighted with bugbears—

SIR GEO. Let me retire but for a few moments, and I will give thee such a proof of my art—

FANT. Why, if thou hast any *Hocus pocus* tricks to play, why can'st not do them here?

SIR GEO. The raising of a spirit requires certain secret mysteries to be performed, and words to be mutter'd in private—

FANT. Well, if I see through your trick, you will promise to be my friend?

SIR GEO. I will, attend and tremble. [Exit.

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FANTOME solus.

FANT. A very solemn old afs! but I smoke him,—he has a mind to raise his price upon me. I could not think this slut would have us'd me thus—I begin to be horribly tir'd of my drum, I wish I was well rid of it. However I have got this by it, that it has driven off Tinsel for good and all; I shan't have the mortification to see my mistress carry'd off by such a rival. Well, whatever happens, I must stop this old fellow's mouth, I must not not be sparing in hash-money. But here he comes.

Enter SIR GEORGE in his own habit.

FANT. Ha! what's that! Sir George Truman! This can be no counterfeit. His dress! his shape! his face! the very wound of which he dy'd! nay, then 'tis time to decamp! [Runs off.

SIR GEO. Ha, ha, ha! Fare you well, good Sir George—the enemy has left me master of the field: here are the marks of my victory. This drum will I hang up in my great hall as the trophy of the day.

Enter ABIGAL,

[Sir George stands with his hand before his face
in a musing posture.

ABIG. Yonder he is. O' my conscience he has driven off the conjurer. Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome! I give you joy, I give you joy. What do you think of your thousand pounds now? Why does not the man speak? [Pulls him by the sleeve.

SIR GEO. Ha! [Taking his hand from his face.

ABIG. Oh! 'tis my master! [Shrieks.

[Running away he catches her.

SIR GEO. Good Mrs. Abigal, not so fast.

ABIG. Are you alive, Sir?—He has given my shoulder such a curfed tweak! they must be real fingers. I feel them, I'm sure.

SIR GEO. What dost think?

ABIG. Think, Sir? Think? Troth I don't know what to think. Pray, Sir, how—

SIR GEO. No questions, good Abigal. Thy curiosity shall be satisfied in due time. Where's your lady?

ABIG. Oh, I'm so frightened—and so glad!—

SIR GEO. Where's your lady, I ask you—

ABIG. Marry I don't know where I am myself—I can't forbear weeping for joy—

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SIR GEO. Your lady! I say your lady? I must bring you to yourself with one pinch more—

ABIG. Oh! she has been talking a good while with the steward.

SIR GEO. Then he has open'd the whole story to her, I'm glad he has prepar'd her. Oh! here she comes.

Enter LADY follow'd by VELLUM.

LADY. Where is he? let me fly into his arms! My life! my soul! my husband!

SIR GEO. Oh! let me catch thee to my heart, dearest of women!

LADY. Are you then still alive, and are you here! I can scarce believe my senses! now am I happy indeed!

SIR GEO. My heart is too full to answer thee.

LADY. How could you be so cruel to defer giving me that joy which you knew I must receive from your presence? you have robb'd my life of some hours of happiness that ought to have been in it.

SIR GEO. It was to make our happiness the more sincere and unmix'd. There will be now no doubts to dash it. What has been the affliction of our lives, has given a variety to them, and will hereafter supply us with a thousand materials to talk of.

LADY. I am now satisfy'd that it is not in the power of absence to lessen your love towards me.

SIR GEO. And I am satisfy'd that it is not in the power of death to destroy that love which makes me the happiest of men.

LADY. Was ever woman so blest! to find again the darling of her soul, when she thought him lost for ever! to enter into a kind of second marriage with the only man whom she was ever capable of loving!

SIR GEO. May it be as happy as our first, I desire no more! Believe me, my dear, I want words to express those transports of joy and tenderness which are every moment rising in my heart whilst I speak to thee.

Enter SERVANTS.

BUTL. Just as the steward told us, lads! look you there, if he ben't with my lady already.

GARD. He! he! he! what a joyful night will this be for madam!

COACHM. As I was coming in at the gate, a strange gentleman whisk'd by me; but he took to his heels, and made way to the George. If I did not see master before me, I should have sworn it had been his honour.

GARD. Hast given orders for the bells to be set a ringing?

COACHM. Never trouble thy head about that, 'tis done.

SIR GEO. [to Lady.] My dear, I long as much to tell you my whole story, as you do to hear it. In the mean

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mean while, I am to look upon this as my wedding-day. I'll have nothing but the voice of mirth and feasting in my house. My poor neighbours and my servants shall rejoice with me. My hall shall be free to every one, and let my cellars be thrown open.

BUTL. Ah! blefs your honour, may you never die again.

COACHM. The same good man that ever he was.

GARD. Whurra!

SIR GEO. Vellum, thou hast done me much service to-day. I know thou lov'st Abigal, but she's disappointed in a fortune. I'll make it up to both of you. I'll give thee a thousand pound with her. It is not fit there should be one sad heart in my house to-night.

LADY. What you do for Abigal, I know is meant as a compliment to me. This is a new instance of your love.

ABIG. Mr. Vellum, you are a well-spoken man: pray do you thank my master and my lady.

SIR GEO. Vellum, I hope you are not displeas'd with the gift I make.

VELLUM.

*The gift is two-fold. I receive from you
A virtuous partner, and a portion too;
For which, in humble wise, I thank the donors;
And so we bid good-night to both your ho--nours.*

[250]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

TO-night the poet's advocate I stand,
 And he deserves the favour at my hand,
 Who in my equipage their cause debating
 Has plac'd two lovers, and a third in waiting;
 If both the first should from their duty swerve,
 There's one behind the wainscot in reserve.
 In his next play, if I would take this trouble,
 He promis'd me to make the number double:
 In troth 'twas spoke like an obliging creature,
 For tho', 'tis simple, yet it shews good-nature.
 My help thus ask'd, I could not chuse but grant it,
 And really I thought the play would want it,
 Void as it is of all the usual arts
 To warm your fancies, and to steal your hearts:
 No court-intrigue, no city-cuckoldom,
 No song, no dance, no music—but a drum—
 No smutty thought in doubtful phrase express'd;
 And, gentlemen, if so, pray where's the jest?
 When we would raise your mirth, you hardly know
 Whether in strictness you should laugh or no.

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But turn upon the ladies in the pit,
And if they redden, you are sure 'tis wit.

Protect him then, ye fair-ones; for the fair
Of all conditions are his equal care.

He draws a widow, who, of blameless carriage,
True to her jointure, hates a second marriage;
And to improve a virtuous wife's delights,
Out of one man contrives two wedding-nights.

Nay, to oblige the sex in every state,
A nymph of five and forty finds her mate.

Too long has marriage, in this tasteless age,
With ill-bred rallery supply'd the stage;
No little scribbler is of wit so bare,
But has his sling at the poor wedded pair.

Our author deals not in conceits so stale:
For should th'examples of his play prevail,
No man need blush, tho' true to marriage-vows,
Nor be a jest tho' he should love his spouse.

Thus has he done you British consorts right,
Whose husbands, should they pry like mine to-night,
Would never find you in your conduct slipping,
Tho' they turn'd conjurers to take you tripping.

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